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SKETCHES

FROM

NATURE,

TAKEN, AND COLOURED,

IN

A JOURNEY TO MARGATE.

Published from the

ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

To which is now first added,

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Fifth Edition.

London:

Printed by J. Cundee, Ivy Lane,

FOR T. HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

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1802.

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Lord Shelburne
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MEMOIRS

OF

GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

THIS amiable man and agreeable writer was of a good family, which has for a long series of years been possessed of considerable property. By one of his works it appears that he was descended from Sir George Hungerford, his great grandfather, by Lady Frances Ducie, only daughter of Francis Lord Seymour, Baron of Trowbridge*. He was born as may be conjectured, about the year 1729 or 1730, and received his education at Kingston school, under the Rev. Mr. Woodeson. From thence he went to Geneva, where he resided some years; and, during his stay there, became acquainted with Voltaire, with whom he continued to correspond many years after he returned to England. After finishing the tour of Europe, he settled as a student in the Inner Temple, was called to the bar, and sometimes attended Westminster-hall; though he did not meet with encouragement enough to induce his per-

* See "Short Account of Netley Abbey."

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severance in his profession; nor indeed does it seem probable that he had sufficient application for it. His first performance was "Ancient and Modern Rome," a poem, written at Rome in the year 1755, printed in the year 1760, and received with considerable applause. The next year he published "A Short Account of the Ancient History, present Government, and Laws of the Republic of Geneva," 8vo. This work was compiled during the author's residence at Geneva; is a very useful one; and is dedicated to Monsieur de Voltaire; to whom he says, "When I reflect that it was in this republic, whose government I have attempted to describe, that I was first introduced to your acquaintance; when memory renews the hours of social mirth and refined entertainment which your hospitality and conversation afforded me; I cannot but rejoice in this occasion of expressing my gratitude: proud that as your friendship distinguished the author of these pages in a foreign country, your name may at home adorn his labour." It was at one time the intention of Voltaire to translate this account into French, though he afterwards relinquished the design.

The next year, 1762, he produced an "Epistle from Lady Jane Gray to Lord Guildford Dudley:" and in 1763, "The Alps," a poem; the subject of which comprehends all that chain of mountains, known under the general name of the Alps, extending from Italy

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to Germany, and from France to Tyrol, by whatever denomination they are particularly distinguished. Of all the poetical works of Mr. Keate, this is entitled to the highest praise for truth of description, elegance of versification, and vigour of imagination.

Continuing to employ the press, he in 1764 published "Netley Abbey," which he afterwards, in 1769, enlarged and re-printed; and, in 1765, produced "The Temple Student, an Epistle to a Friend;" humourously rallying his own want of application in the study of the law, his preference to the *belles lettres*, and his consequent want of success in the pursuit of it. The death of Mrs. Cibber, in 1765, whose merits as an actress he entertained the highest opinion of, gave occasion to a poem to her memory, which celebrates her excellent performances on the stage, and laments the loss the theatre would sustain by her death.

In February, 1769, he married Miss Hudson; and about the same time published "Ferney; an Epistle of Monsieur de Voltaire." In this poem, after praising with energy the various beauties of his friend's poetical works, he introduced the following panegyric on Shakespeare:—

"Yes! jealous wits may still for empire strive,
Still keep the flames of critic rage alive:
Our Shakespeare shall his rights maintain,
And crown the triumphs of Eliza's reign.
Above controul, above each classic rule,
His nature, and the world his school,

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On soaring pinions, to whom was giv'n
Th' aerial range of fancy's brightest heav'n;
To bid wrapt thought o'er noblest heights aspire,
And wake each passion with a muse of fire.
Revere his genius. To the dead be just,
And spare the laurels that o'ershade the dust.
Low sleeps the bard, *in bold obstruction laid*,
Nor asks the chaplet from a rival's head.
O'er the drear vault, ambition's utmost bound,
Unheard shall fame her airy trumpet sound!
Unheard alike, nor grief nor transport raise,
The blast of censure, or the note of praise!
As Raphael's own creation graced his hearse,
And sham'd the pomp of ostentatious verse,
Shall Shakespeare's honours by himself be paid,
And nature perish ere his picture fades."

It is imagined, that in consequence of this eulogium, Mr. Keate, in June this year, was complimented by the mayor and burgesses of Stratford with a standish, mounted with silver, made out of the famous Mulberry-tree planted by Shakespeare. In 1773, he published "The monument in Arcadia," a dramatic poem, built on the picture of Poussin, mentioned by Abbé du Bos, in his "Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting."

The next work which Mr. Keate produced was that which is now before us. This production has proved the most successful of all his writings, and allowing it to be, as it really is, an imitation of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey;" yet it contains so many pleasing delineations of life, so many strokes of humour, and so much elegance of composition, that few will hesitate to give it the preference to any other of Sterne's imitators.

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In 1781, he collected his poetical works in 2 vols. 12mo. and added several new pieces not before printed. The principal of these was "The Helvetiad," a fragment, written at Geneva in the year 1756. In the preface to this performance, he gives the following account of it: "During a long stay I many years since made at Geneva, I visited most of the principal places in Switzerland. The many sublime scenes with which nature hath enriched this romantic country; the tranquillity and content with which every individual enjoys his property; and, above all, that independence of mind which is ever the result of liberty, animated me with such veneration for the first authors of that freedom, whose figures are recorded to posterity either by sculpture or painting in the public parts of the towns through those little states, that my enthusiasm betrayed me into a design of writing a poem on the singular revolution; the argument of which I had divided into *ten cantos*, beginning the work with the oppressions of the House of Austria, and closing it with the battles of Mongarten; by which those injured people finally renounced its usurpation, and formed among themselves those various confederacies that ended in the great union and alliance of the present *thirteen cantons*. When I had settled the whole plan of this work, I occasionally, as I found a disposition in myself, took up any part of the poem which at the moment most invited my thoughts: and enjoying at this time such an intercourse with Monsieur de Voltaire as afforded me a constant access to him, I

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acquainted him with my intention; shewing him the argument I had drawn out for the conduct of the whole design. He kept it a few days: and, in returning it, told me that he thought the great object of the piece, the episodes connected with the history, together with the scenery of the country, presented subject matter whereon to form a fine poem; but the time (added he) which such an undertaking will require, I would rather counsel you to employ on subjects that might more engage the public attention; for should you devote yourself to the completion of your present design, the Swiss would be much obliged to you, without being able to read you, and the rest of the world care little about the matter." Feeling the force and justness of the remark, Mr. Keate laid aside his plan, and probably never resumed it. In the same year, 1781, he published "An Epistle to Angelica Kauffman."

A few years after he became engaged in a long and vexatious lawsuit, in consequence of the neglect (to say the least of it) of an architect who professed himself to be his friend: the particulars of which it is of no importance to detail. At the conclusion of the business he shewed that his good humour had not forsaken him: and in 1787 he gave to the public the principal circumstances of his case in a performance, entitled, "The Distressed Poet, a serio-comic Poem, in three Cantos," 4to, with some pleasantry, and without any acrimony.

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In the next year, 1788, the last of his productions appeared; and the composition was very honourable to his talents and his liberality. In 1782, the Antelope packet was shipwrecked on the Pelew Islands, where the commander, Captain Wilson, and his crew, lived some time before they could get off. The circumstances attending this extraordinary deliverance having been communicated to Mr. Keate, he offered to draw up the narrative of them for the advantage of his friend Captain Wilson. This he executed in "An Account of the Pelew Islands, situated in the Western Part of the Pacific Ocean: composed from the Journals and Communications of Captain Henry Wilson and some of his officers, who in August 1783 were there shipwrecked, in the Antelope, a Packet belonging to the honourable East India Company," 4to.; a work written with great elegance, compiled with much care, and which, if embellished (as it has been insinuated) with facts better calculated to have found a place in a novel than a genuine narrative, must be ascribed to the mis-information of those who were actors in the scene, and must first have deceived before they obtained credit. We mention this report as it has come to us, without any attempt either to establish or refute it. We shall only add, that if the charge is well-founded, Mr. Keate (who undertook the task on the most disinterested principle, and derived no advantage whatever from the work) was too sturdy a moralist to have had any hand in the imposition.

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Besides the pieces already mentioned, Mr. Keate was the author of many prologues and epilogues, spoken at Mr. Newcomb's school at Hackney; and some complimentary verses by him are to be found in the European Magazine: these, however, are not of sufficient importance to be enumerated. He had also adapted his friend Voltaire's "Semiramis" to the stage; but this was superseded, in 1777, at Drury Lane, by a worthless translation of as worthless an author, one Captain Ayscough; but neither this, nor the author, are deserving of any further notice.

We shall conclude by observing, that Mr. Keate's life passed without any vicissitudes of fortune: he inherited an ample estate, which he did not attempt to increase otherwise than by those attentions which prudence dictated in the management of it. He was hospitable and beneficent, and possessed the good will of mankind in a very eminent degree. For the last year or two, his health visibly declined; but on the day he died, he appeared to be somewhat mended. His death was sudden, on the 27th of June 1797. He left one daughter, married in 1767 to John Henderson, Esq. of the Adelphi. At the time of his death, Mr. Keate was a bencher of the Temple, and a very old member of the Royal and Antiquary Societies, of both of which he had been frequently elected one of the council.

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THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

IF the knowing who the Author of this little work was, could add *one cubit to thy stature*, or give thee a better night's rest, thou shouldst not go to bed without having thy curiosity satisfied;—but as it can be a matter of no moment to thee, let the secret remain between us,—it being sufficient that one of us is in possession of it.—

As the *Editor* of the following pages, I cannot but feel an anxiety for their success;—and it may be expected, that I should, like most other *Editors*, say somewhat in their favour—but this I shall, for several reasons, decline; rather choosing to leave to the discovery of the Reader, whatever

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share of merit they may be thought intitled to.—I have no scruple, however, to declare, that my chief motive in committing them to the press was, that I conceived they exhibited some scenes which might interest the affections, and contained nothing that could injure the morals.—

Having had several occasions, in trivial productions of my own, to experience the candour of the Public, and as I may have future ones to hope its indulgence, I cannot resist this opportunity to say, that could I ever, either as *Author*, or *Editor*, let a single page go out of my hands, that might disturb, or give pain to any *good* heart,—if I know any thing of myself, I will venture to affirm,—that I should be the person who would suffer the most.

GEO. KEATE.

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POSTSCRIPT.

I cannot send this little work a fifth time to the press, without saying, that whatever anxiety I might have felt at first ushering it into the world, the very favourable reception it hath met with, and which it still continues to experience, hath far more than gratified the warmest wishes I could entertain for its success.

London, October, 1790.

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SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

THE TETE-A-TETE.

—I CAN easily explain that to you, said I.—

You may full as well spare yourself the trouble, replied Madame LA TOUCHE—You have spent a great deal of breath already to prove the necessity of introductory chapters in matters either of Love or Literature,—you may possibly be right in the one; and as to the other, it never came under my consideration.—'Tis a foolish argument, and you had better amuse yourself with looking at this fine prospect.

I have had a much finer one before me, Madam, ever since we set down the two sleepy brutes at DARTFORD (we were at this time in the CANTERBURY machine) and as my eyes are so soon to lose sight of you, they are justified in fixing where they do.—Seize pleasure when you can, has been laid down as a maxim by the wise, both in prose

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and verse.—You and I must part presently; but the preliminary discourse we have held together in the coach, may make us meet on amicable terms, should fortune ever throw us into the same chapter. —Those features of yours form so admirable an index, that I shall be able to turn immediately to the page where I left off.

— You are exceedingly ridiculous, Sir, and a jumble of agreeable contradictions.—I hope however that you preach a little better than you talk.

The world, Madam, in balancing my accounts, after all its divisions and subtractions, has been pleased to throw me in that allowance—but as men rarely preach themselves into bishoprics, I can safely assert, that I never added the eighth of an inch to my shoe-heel on the credit of it.—Literary men are in general as eagerly followed, and as suddenly dropped, as the fashions, Madam, over which you preside.—The bulk of mankind never think at all; and the greater part of those who do, think by proxy, or regulate their opinion by the caprice of the day.

Now as I have ever claimed the privilege of judging for myself, I sometimes look beyond the surface of things, and will ingenuously own that by the time I had conversed with you half an hour this morning, I read in your countenance an easy

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natural character, notwithstanding the grave looks you launched at me from beneath your smart bonnet.—

You have in truth rallied me with much pleasantry—a man who talks at every thing must expect to be answered.—We are but passengers of a day, whether 'tis in a stage-coach, or in the immense machine of the world. — In God's name then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as we can?—Short as our journey is, 'tis long enough to be tedious to him who sulks in his corner, sits uneasy himself, and elbows his neighbours to make them ride uneasy too.—

A benevolent good humour is a cordial we should never be without, either at home, or abroad,—it keeps our passions active, tempers them most deliciously, and gives life a serene sun-shine. — The traveller who carries it with him views every prospect of the road in its brightest colouring, and turns every incident to account.—By its cheering quality you and I, who met this morning as strangers, have posted along so imperceptibly, that we are now but at a small distance from CANTERBURY, without having counted a single mile-stone.

I did not care, said she, if we had further to go,—

Nor I—for we would make the morrow as pleasant as to day,—However, let me live in your re-

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membrance; and if when you get to PARIS, you will deliver the letter I wrote at ROCHESTER into Madame de B * * * hands, as I walk along the sea-shore at MARGATE, and indulge my reveries, I will supplicate the waves to be favourable to you—though by the bye, I hate all smuggling but in love.

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BOUGHTON HILL.

NOW, whether Nature, when she was mixing and compounding the materials out of which I was formed, forgot to throw in the due proportion of those which were to constitute the retentive faculties, I know not; but so it is, I have always omitted something or other in the essentials.—

I ought to have told the Reader that Madame LA TOUCHE was one of those fashionable milliners of ST. JAMES's, who take a trip to FRANCE every summer, in order to import all the fripperies and

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fopperies of that merry nation, and was now going thither on that errand.—She spoke the French tongue very fluently, having learnt it young, and preserved it, as she informed me, by the intercourse of business, and by a marriage with the private secretary of one of the foreign ministers. — She appeared to be about one or two and thirty, genteel and personable; rather a showy than a pretty woman, but extremely lively and engaging in her manners, and seemed to know the world sufficiently well to avail herself of its foibles and follies.

—Well—What say you? said she, (as the horses took breath at the foot of BOUGHTON HILL) what say you, Sir?—Shall we indulge the coachman in his request, and walk up?—With all my heart, Madam, — it will stretch our legs, and give us a fine prospect—it is rough and steep,—pray accept my arm, though I am but an awkward support—'Tis the head, Sir, that gives the stick its value.—We understood one another perfectly well—the compliment gave her credit for a bow.

There are certain happy moments in one's existence when the blood flows neither too quick, nor too slow; when every nerve and artery is faithful to its function, and the whole frame is so nicely harmonized, that every agreeable object which just then strikes on any of the organs of sense, awakens the soul to pleasure.

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I was at this instant in one of those delicious moods.—The sun was declining in its gayest colours—the air was pure and serene, and Nature seemed perfectly at peace;—on my right hand, corn fields, hop grounds, and wide extended inclosures of varied forms, wore the face of plenty and security;—on my left, the Isle of SHEPEY, and the rich vale of FEVERSHAM, contrasted the landscape, and the opening of the channel, which was covered as far as the sight could stretch with innumerable sails, carrying on an intercourse with the distant parts of the world, compleated a scene which my eyes were unwilling to quit.

—And here, says I, pinching the lady's hand as she leant on my arm, (for I told you I was in excellent spirits) while so many fair traders are hazarding their all, to support themselves, and increase the wealth of the nation, are you injuring its manufactures, cheating your sovereign, and nursing the follies of your own sex.—

Well preached, in good truth, my censorious friend, replied Madame LA TOUCHE, with a laugh —I wish none of the officers whom his Majesty confides in to look after his revenues, cheated him more than I, whom he puts no trust in—and as to those numerous vessels which you call fair traders, I believe, on a scrutiny, more than two thirds would be found to be smugglers:—fair trading is as unfashionable as a ten years silk; but 'tis a good cant

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term, and people in business avail themselves of it.—For my part, I fear we have not less desire for a thing because it is *prohibited*; this is an hereditary weakness our sex have had from the beginning of the world, and which will furnish them with an apology for smuggling to the end of it.—But you men who establish the *laws* and *customs* yourselves, have no excuse for infringing them, and yet notwithstanding your refined notions of fair trading, I should shrewdly suspect by a hint you lately dropped, that some of your own dealings may possibly have been *counterband* and *run over* without having paid *duty*.

It was an argument that might have carried us to CALAIS, and from CALAIS to AMIENS, and from AMIENS to PARIS—my companion would have supported it on any ground.—It had already carried us to the summit of BOUGHTON HILL, but was abruptly broken off by the coachman desiring us to get again into the machine, where having resumed our places, we rattled down with great speed into CANTERBURY.

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CANTERBURY.

I NEVER passed this city but at times when I was riding post haste into a warmer climate, in order to patch up the shattered constitution, which Nature has given me to nurse—but how you, Madam, should have gone through it so often without ever visiting the cathedral, I cannot conceive.

Why the church, I suppose, did not stand in our way, replied the Lady, nor constituted any part of our errand,—but as the DOVER coach will not set forward this hour or more, I will accompany you thither with all my heart.—

A man wants but little persuasion to do what he is inclined to—so we sallied out from the FOUNTAIN, and crossing the HIGH STREET, turned into MERCERY LANE, bedeviling the pavement at every step; the stones of which are so sharp, and so irregularly thrown together, that one would swear it was the chance-medley work of DEUCALION and PYRRHA.

Heaven help, said I—(as they were cutting

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through my shoes)—the old, the weak, and the crippled, who are condemned to tread daily this flinty path—'Tis much wonder the *penance* should exist more than two centuries after the *shrine*—or that the *reformation* never reached the city * !—

It behoves their incorporated worships to look into this matter—it is both moral and politic to make the way to the church easy to all.—

Now it not being an hour of service the doors were shut—A boy went to call the woman—the woman ran to fetch her husband,—and the husband had left the keys at home; so we took a turn into THE OAKS, which is a public walk contiguous to the prebendal houses.

Several sleek divines were enjoying the fine evening, amusing themselves with going in and out of the adjoining bowling-green—Madame LA TOUCHE and I formed the same groupe we had done in ascending BOUGHTON HILL; and as my face is pretty well known by the public, my tall lean figure, with the smart nymph who reclined on my arm, immediately attracted their notice.—

---

* Alluding to the numerous pilgrims, who thronged to visit the tomb of BECKET, after he was canonized by Pope ALEXANDER the Third, many of whom, through credulity and zeal, trod all these avenues bare-footed.

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The FRENCH understand this matter better, and by creating an attention out of curiosity equally gratify their inclination, but pay the stranger a compliment at the same time.

Madame LA TOUCHE perceiving how much they leered at us, asked if I knew any of them?

—Not by name, said I—but they are part of the troops of the *church militant here upon earth*, embodied and leagued *to fight manfully against the world*—though by the bye, when they get into CANTERBURY quarters, they are generally in a condition to make a good treaty with it.—

But we'll now walk into their *camp*—they have pitched, you see, an admirable one here.

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THE CATHEDRAL.

I WILL not trespass on my reader's time by a description of a building so well known—I hate a superfluous chapter—nay, I would not have one in such a work as this, even should my friend DODSLEY give me ten pounds extraordinary for it, and invite me to a bit of mutton in the bargain.

I shall content myself with observing, that what ought to be the great entrance of this cathedral is as contemptible as its great tower is elegant,—it is besides choaked up with little paltry buildings; so that were it ever thrown open for any grand solemnity, the procession must come out of a barber's shop that is erected before it.—

Were the view from the western door to the eastern extremity uninterrupted, it would produce a most noble effect; but the screen that separates the choir, and the door that leads into it, are to a degree trifling and minute.

Madame LA TOUCHE exclaimed immediately against them—she understood proportion—tho' for

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the sake of variety she had thrown the heads of all her customers out of it.

The figure of Dean WOTTON kneeling, is of ITALIAN sculpture—it has an air of dignity and devotion that is uncommonly striking.—The story of BECKET's murder, and the pavement which was shewn us still stained with his blood, affected us not a jot—any other *Canterbury tale* had done as much:—But I own I felt my bosom beat with pleasure, when I stood by the tomb of the valiant EDWARD.—My female companion had never heard of *The Black Prince*—the fashions, and the swarming novels of the times, had been the depth of her studies.—I explained the whole to her.—He liv'd and died, Madam, the glory of his age,—as virtuous as he was intrepid.—I must take his sword in my hand, tho' it cost me a forfeit.

In my first excursion into FRANCE, I went thirty leagues out of my way to visit the plain of POICTIERS, which he so immortalized;—nay, I believe I should have had another look at it when I was there last, had not twenty untoward accidents rendered it impracticable.—

The fair are always pleas'd to hear of the brave; and we are told, in the finest piece of poetry extant, that the brave alone are deserving of them.—

As the vesturer conducted us thro' this great

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he was then at some little distance) and threw him into a perplexity to compose the muscles of his face, which were all set for a titter.—So, *bon voyage, Madame, and bien du plaisia à Monsieur*—was the French *congé* with which we separated.

What would their reverences have said had they been within hearing?—but they were all in the bowling green, and knew nothing of the matter.

I suppose, by your simper, honest friend, said I (for the vesturer still kept twisting his bunch of keys to compose himself) I suppose that but few people come now to BECKET'S shrine for a Kiss?—but if your pulverized Saint could be conscious of it, I'd venture to say he would not be displeased.—Nothing is more holy than a Kiss given with discretion—and if any of your doctors ever preached on the subject, they could tell you, it was the salutation of the primitive times, which many writers, who conclude a great deal, and prove nothing, conjecture to have been far more virtuous than those we live in.—

It is a long while since I promised my dear JENNY a chapter on a Kiss—but were I to make a digression now, I should lose my conveyance to MARGATE,—'Tis a copious subject, and will demand several pages—since a Kiss comprehends whatever may come within the parenthesis of cold local ceremony, and the effusions of the most ardent affection.

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THE LONG-COACH.*

WHEN I got back to my inn, the MARGATE Long-Coach was drawn up in the yard, and the passengers already seated in it.—On my coming, the driver informed me that they only waited for me, and immediately opened the door of it.

---

* The vehicle alluded to, ran daily from MARGATE to CANTERBURY, to wait the arrival of the LONDON coaches.—I am informed that this *Long-Coach* was set up about the year 1761 or 1762, and continued in use till the end of the summer of 1768, from whence we may form a conjecture, that these volumes were written during some part of that period.

In confirmation of this MITCHENER's rooms are mentioned in the course of this work as the place of public assembly, which ceased to be so, in the season of 1769, when the new ball-rooms were completed and opened.

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The singularity of the conveyance struck my fancy.—Bless me, said I—advancing towards it—thin as I am, there is no room for me to squeeze in.—O yes! replied an enormous fat woman who was stewing within, there is a seat in the corner.—

Corner! why I can't perceive any it has—nor end, Madam—nor beginning.—Heaven have mercy on the man who so little consulted the ease of others!—

I have seen *the Diligence* of CALAIS and LYONS—the *Côche d' Eau's* of BURGUNDY—the unwieldy machines of STRASBURG, NUREMBURG, and LEIPSIC, and that mirror of mechanism, a DUTCH coach.—

I have also seen most of our northern and western stages, with their baskets and appendixes—the long machine of GREENWICH, and the new WINDSOR FLY, which our papers have been so full of—but the construction of this MARGATE business differ widely from them all.—

While my eye was running over its parts, I had got one foot on the iron step, debating the matter whether I should get in, or no—when my grey-headed host of the FOUNTAIN coming up to me, determined me in the negative, by telling me, there was a gentleman arrived who was going forward to MARGATE, and that I might accompany him in a post-chaise, if I liked it better.

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When one is more than half disposed, a trifle turns the scale.—With all my heart, honest friend FARLEY, said I—my bones have been shaken from one end of EUROPE to the other, in such a variety of strange vehicles, that I have in truth no curiosity to be tempted by the novelty of this.—So order your horses.—

Sir, continues he, you will be pleased to wait a little—the gentleman has stepped out to call on an acquaintance he has in town, but will return presently.—

Why then order me a pot of coffee.—

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THE CONJECTURE.

THE mind is often ingenious enough to puzzle itself about a trifle, which a plain question could determine.

Who, cries CURIOSITY, can this intended companion of mine be?—indeed I might have asked the landlord this when he brought in the coffee—psha!—what does it signify?—perhaps some inquisitive traveller, like thyself;—or a highwayman, says CAUTION;—or a methodist preacher, quoth PRUDERY:—or a Jew mountebank, says PRIDE;—or a strolling player, says MEANNESS;—or one that will leave thee to pay the whole chaise, quoth AVARICE.—

—And why not, exclaims BENEVOLENCE, as honest a man as thyself?—thou art summoning every dirty passion to sit in judgment on a poor Stranger thou hast never seen, who may possibly be a far more amiable being than thyself—and whom, shouldst thou chance to dislike, at the end of sixteen miles thou may'st bid adieu to for ever.—

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I felt the keenness of the reproach,—so poured out my coffee with some degree of shame, and endeavoured to chase away the contemptible mean ideas that were warping my heart, by filling it, my dear JENNY, with thy image.

THE FOUNTAIN.

MAN must have something for his affections to anchor on !—There is no getting forward pleasantly in the journey of life, without having certain pre-eminent objects to which the thoughts may recur, whenever we grow languid by the way, or our path becomes rugged and perplexed.

The *past* appertains to the dominion of memory; —the *future* is the inheritance of hope; and the *present*, which is only our own, by that property of the mind which we term *imagination*, may be pushed aside to make way for its own illusions, when she wishes to enliven the prospect, and spread a sun-shine which the *present* does not offer.—

Sweet illusions! — amiable deceivers! — how cheerfully have ye led my eager steps thro' the state of youth, and solaced me as I journeyed forward with a thousand visionary scenes from the classic page!—Having gained the ascent of life, and shut up my books to read the more complicated volume of the world—when I have found hope

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disappointed,—confidence betrayed,—kindness forgotten,—and seen around me characters that convinced me vice was not fiction;—then have ye been *as a lantern to my feet*, dissipated the gloom that darkened my course, by lighting me onward to new objects of pleasure, glowing with the alluring graces of undissembled virtue.

Bounteous IMAGINATION! be still my guide, my companion, my friend,—thy sensibility may sometimes blacken the storm, or give added strength to the blow of affliction;—but thou bestowest in counterpoise a thousand beams of radiant joy, which are ever playing round minds thou inhabitest—they feel them reflected from each delicacy of sentiment,—each act of humanity,—each triumph of honour!—every thing from the summit of the mountain to the depth of the vale, lives and blossoms for them;—the immense round of creation is theirs.—

It is by thy power, that now sitting in a dirty room over my coffee—far separated from the object I adore, that I can place her image before me as I last beheld it, without losing one tint of colouring—I see the look of tenderness with which she bade me adieu—hear the last accents of her voice—still feel on my lips the impression of the parting kiss,—nor wilt thou suffer a single line of the picture to be effaced till our re-union shall give thee a happier subject.

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THE INTERVIEW.

MY heart more than ever reproved me for the doubts I had raised concerning my fellow-traveller, when the landlord opened the door and ushered him into my room—for the instant I cast my eyes towards him, I recalled the features of an old acquaintance whom I had once intimately known at my setting out in life, but whom I had not seen for near twenty years, and conceived to be still in a remote part of the world.

Our countenances mutually testified the pleasure we felt at so unexpected an interview.—We acknowledged one another with great cordiality, and having repeatedly expressed our wonder at the singular chance of our meeting, the chaise being now drawn up, we took our seats, and proceeded towards MARGATE.

To such of my readers as may accidentally have experienced similar interviews with any one who has formerly shared their esteem, I need not say how much the faculties of the mind are set in motion on such an occasion.—Memory flies back

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on rapid wing o'er the years that have passed away, and gives a momentary existence to an hundred occurrences that time had almost obliterated.—The interval lengthens—there are vast chasms for inquiry to fill up—nor is it the impertinence of curiosity, but the nobler motive of regard which seeks the gratification.

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THE TWO BACHELORS.

WE did not fail as we drove along to talk over many points that absence had rendered interesting to us both.—You may recollect, says CLERMONT (for that was the name of my friend) that I formerly used to mention some intentions of settling myself in SPAIN, as my mercantile affairs here did not fully answer my wishes,—a favourable occasion offered on a sudden; and my commerce in a short time became so extended, as to oblige me to visit many parts of the world.—I have seen the sun rise and set in various climates; and by great industry, and the blessing of providence, have attained the point I kept ever in view, of gaining a sufficient fortune to live easy in my own country. —'Tis now six months since I left CADIZ, after having settled my nephew in my house, whom you formerly remember a tall lad, and who informed me that he had accidentally met you a few years ago on the road near BOLOGNA, under some little circumstances of distress.

'Twas a trifling business, said I, though it brought to my knowledge *an event* I would not

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willingly have missed;—but of this at our leisure. —The number of years that have elapsed since we last met make a great revolution in human affairs, —I then saw you a bachelor, but suppose I may now greet you with the happier titles of husband and parent.—

These are titles, my old acquaintance, replied CLERMONT, that would not have been displeasing to me; but in truth you see me the same *isolé'd*, unconnected creature I was then.—In the earlier part of life my thoughts were more engaged on making a fortune, than in seeking a companion to share it with me—and by the time the first object was attained, I began to fear it was almost too late to think of the last.—I will however ingenuously own that I lament my error, as I am convinced all our fraternity must do,—I feel it more sensibly every day—feel those chasms in life—those pauses in happiness—which are only at my age to be filled up with domestic pleasures.

LORD BACON,* says I, hath written an admirable essay on this subject, which I wish all single men would bind up with their almanacks, that it might be in their eye whenever they were noticing the lapse of time.—Our notions of women change as we change.—In youth love generally overpowers

* There are two elegant octavo volumes just published, of the ESSAYS and MISCELLANEOUS WORKS of this great and noble author, which is considered as a very valuable acquisition to the republic of letters.

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reason; but the bachelor who has seen his fiftieth year, seldom fails to let reason overpower love—to explain myself better, the passion by that period is not an equal match, and the remains of its force are scared away or weakened, either by absured prejudices, or contracted habits, which we grow too irresolute to resign; therefore — — —

— But why do we stop? cries CLERMONT.—

Only to give the horses a pail of water, replies the postillion—we always just refresh them at coming into the island.

Nay prithee, boy, says my friend, add a whisp of hay to it, and we'll look about us while they take breath.—I think, continued he (addressing himself to me) that since I left ENGLAND, luxury hath made so many dissipated people, who having no business *any where*, are flying post *every where*, that these hackneyed animals, for ever panting in the harness, are become the greatest objects of our compassion.

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THE TWO BACHELORS.

AS my companion was a stranger in these parts, I endeavoured, while we were out of the chaise, to describe to him what had been the course of the sea when it gave THANET the distinction of an island.—Its ancient bed is now transformed into a fertile valley :—nor is it less surprising, that the progress of such a singular revolution of Nature should stand unmarked by any authentic record.—

As we drove on we resumed the conversation that had before engaged us.—I believe, says I, what I have mentioned, is that which in general forms a barrier to men, who, at a certain time of life, make love by reflection. *Caution* then usurps the place where *Confidence* only should sit, and leads us too frequently into such ungenerous ideas of the sex as to deny them credit for half their claims.—It is our conduct towards them which calls their virtues forth ; and the excellencies of a woman are never fully dilated till she is united to the man she loves.—The rule holds equally strong with regard to *us Bachelors*—and I am persuaded

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that tho' marriage is a lottery, there are prizes in it to justify every adventurer.

We must e'en make the best, replied CLERMONT (a little gravely) of the errors, as well as the events of life.—My relations at least will not blame my diffidence, and I have some worthy my care—which is saying a good deal as the world goes.—It is to visit a sister who has taken up her summer residence at MARGATE, and to wait the arrival of an INDIA ship, soon expected, that I am drawn thither.

But I perceive, my friend, that you still style yourself a single man.—Whence comes it, that having so high an opinion of the tenets of matrimony, you have not been yet converted to its creed?

From two causes, Sir, that have influenced all the occurrences of my life;—ill-health—and ill-fortune.—The first has called my attention too much to myself—the latter given me but little claim to the attention of others.

Nature, when she wove together the different threads which compose my whimsical existence, seems, every here and there, from the weakness of the materials, to have dropped a stitch, so that had I not exercised the greatest care, the whole piece must long ago have unravelled.

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This care has, since we last saw each other, carried me half over EUROPE, and is now carrying me to breathe again the sea air, which always recruits me; and my saddle horses are gone forward, that I may enjoy it with advantage.—The blade however is much better than the scabbard,—and my good spirits make me maintain a sharp battle with my infirmities.

You may remember that I launched out into the world with no inconsiderable connections, and early learnt that few were of real value to me.—I might indeed have been mired on some solitary living, and buried from all society in a lonely village, or might have gained a paltry annuity by leading a gaping boy over the continent—but desirous to enjoy life on my own plan, I sat down unambitiously on my small patrimony, and unable to stretch my fortune to my wishes, found myself grow rich, by compressing my wishes within the limits of my fortune.—

My only quarrel with the blind goddess is, that she has opposed me in pursuits most interesting to me.—Fond of female converse, and possessing brisk spirits, and imagination, I have been perpetually nursing up attachments till they kindle into a flame; but there was ever some greedy father, capricious old aunt, or miserable wretch, in the way, who served as a wet blanket to stifle its progress.—It ceases to be a wonder that the conjugal

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chain galls so many who wear it, when one observes interest, or persuasion so often influencing a contract which choice only should bind.—However, my stars have at last guided me to a woman as independent as she is amiable, to whom I look forward for all my future happiness.—

—In saying this, my dear JENNY, all thy virtues pressed on my mind, and my heart gave me a secret intimation that not a single hope should be disappointed!—

CLERMONT expressed a joy at my being near an attainment of what he so much regretted the want of himself; and perceiving we were now entering MARGATE, my friend on setting me down at the lodgings that had been taken for me, told me, he hoped we should have frequent occasions of renewing that intercourse which he had formerly enjoyed;—you will find me, added he, at my sister's, whom I can introduce to you as a valuable woman, and who has taken up her quarters at the house (as she informs me) of an ancient fisherman, whom she calls Commodore CROUCH.

—As I live he is my old acquaintance.—I am glad you sleep under the roof of so honest a man: —If you love reading characters, you will find contentment better described in his plain manners, and in his weather-beaten countenance, than in all the treatises that have been written on the subject.

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MARGATE.

I HAVE known a mere *collector* of books return in great spirits from an auction with some choice volume, which, when purchased, he knew not in what part of his library to place—being *chart. max.* it would not readily range with smaller brother quartos—among folios it lost its consequence;—'tis tried on this shelf—then on that;—here it is not sufficiently conspicuous—there its binding does not properly contrast—a whole line of long established authors must fall to the ground to make room for the stranger,—and as much time is often bestowed to procure the poor book a settlement, as it originally took to be printed.—Indeed when this labour of whim is over, it frequently remains ever after undisturbed by the owner, and keeps its station till the next heir sends it, with all its companions, to the CHRISTIE of the day, to experience a similar fate from some other literary virtuoso.

— Now life is much too short to be passed in trifling arrangements—those who possess little, readily find a corner to lay it down;—and as all my moveables lie in a narrow compass, and having

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been an itinerant myself through the world from the age of twenty, I am as perfectly settled and at home whatever place I go to, in three hours, as I am when I have remained in it as many months; —'tis but unstrapping my chaise trunk, laying out my odds and ends, and the affair is over.—

This temper of mind is to be acquired by a resolution to be contented with things as they turn out, and an endeavour to deduce some pleasure from every object one meets.—

Without this disposition, I would counsel no man to set out on his travels—he had better be arrested for debt, and seek no bail, than get into a post-chaise on such a design.—Hence half our voyage-writers, viewing the world in ill-humour, have seen and described it ten times worse than it really is.

A splenetic acquaintance of mine, to vary a scene of idle life, resolved to make an extensive tour on the continent, and set out with an intention to visit half the globe.—The crossing from DOVER *naturally* made him sick—the vessel reached CALAIS at low water, so that the harbour was *naturally* dry —the boatmen who took him to shore *naturally* imposed on him in their demand—the officers of the customs gave him *naturally* some little trouble. —The room he was put into at the inn had no carpet—he conceited he should catch cold—and

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this occasioned Monsieur DESSEIN's *fricassee* to be intolerably ill drest.—*I wish I was at home again!* said he—and so would have wished all thy friends, had they seen thy melancholy plight.— On he would go, tho' imaginarily ill—and every thing of course went on ill with him.—The French roads were abominable—the great Gothic church at AMIENS was nothing to ROCHESTER cathedral—the capital scarce bigger than WESTMINSTER—and the *Hotel des Invalides* not to be compared to the Horse-Guards at WHITEHALL.

If thine eye so perversely considers all it vieweth —if so many disappointments cross thy little pilgrimage to PARIS, how wilt thou ever in peace reach JERUSALEM?

Why he never did, nor went one step farther;—disgusted with every thing—because disgusted with himself, he turned back to pester his friends with his grievances—after fretting himself into a bilious complaint which BATH waters cannot wash away —the cause being too remote for their operation.

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MARGATE.

TOUT est arrangé (said my honest French valet, who had made the tour of EUROPE with me) *Monsieur n'a rien à farie*—by which I understood that the contents of my trunk were disposed in proper order.

— Then I have not a care to my back, says I, except what my solicitude for the object of my affection constantly inspires;—so while I eat my breakfast I'll e'en think *what I have to do here?*

This is indeed a question I have asked myself in many a remote city and province; and I will ingenuously own that I have too often been unable to give myself a satisfactory answer.—At MARGATE however the reply was ready—'twas to recruit my health,—'Twas business enough—I wish I had had a better errand.—

I was loitering over my tea in the most perfect idleness, running over an odd volume of GIL BLAS which lay in my landlady's window, and had so thoroughly lost myself in some of his admirable

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scenes of human life, that my servant brought me my things to dress, before I had considered on my plan of operation,—The matter however was soon decided by the arrival of my friend CLERMONT, who insisted that I should devote the day to him and his family.

During my residence at MARGATE I passed much of my time amongst them, and found myself indebted to their society for many of my most pleasurable hours.

AMELIA, CLERMONT's sister, was at that period of life when a woman of good understanding and of amiable manners, finds the attention of our sex secured to her on the justest claims, and has but little to regret from the departure of youth.—She was the widow of a rich HAMBOROUGH merchant, was of a sprightly, humane disposition, and possessed such a combination of excellent qualities, as rendered her a most valuable character.

Having no children, she had conceived a very partial esteem for a young lady then with her, whose name was MARIANNE, whose deceased mother had been thro' life one of her most intimate friends.—AMELIA never spoke of her but in the most affectionate terms, calling her often her adopted daughter; and gave me to understand, that MARIANNE on the death of her father four years before, being left without any near relations but a

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brother, whose conduct towards her had been in the highest degree reproachable, she had solicited her to accept of her own care and protection, wishing to become as a second mother to her.—Nor do I know, added AMELIA, whether her own merits have not even more gained on my love, than the remembrance of the amiable friend from whom she sprang.

MARIANNE was in her twenty-fourth year, was tall, and elegantly formed,—she had in her countenance that air of sensibility, which, when accompanied with a pleasing set of features, hath ever struck me as more than equivalent to that unmeaning regularity of face, which in general constitutes more perfect beauty.—Nature had bestowed on her an admirable understanding, which had been greatly improved by a more advantageous sort of reading than the younger part of her sex usually adopt —She had great ease and vivacity, tempered with a serenity of mind peculiarly pleasing; yet her spirits were at times somewhat clouded over, but which I accounted for from the family disquietude which AMELIA had above communicated to me.

As I shall have occasion to introduce these ladies again to the reader, I have given these slight hints of their characters, every one having a curiosity to know something of those with whom they are accidentally thrown into company.

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THE HINT.

IT is observed by somebody (no matter whom, as it is an observation any one might make) that *every body* is to be found *every where* but *at home*; and whoever puts his head into the multitude of public places, which the ingenuity of the age hath invented for dissipation, will not hesitate a moment to allow the justness of the remark.—

Those who travel about from motives of curiosity, are engaged in a pursuit which may, from a variety of considerations, be truly laudable.—

Those who are driven abroad by want of health, carry with them an undeniable passport.—

And the children of affliction, who are seeking by foreign objects to divert their attention from some rooted sorrow, will ever be followed by the wish of humanity, that they may attain the point they aim at!

But I fear the much larger part of those who swell the crowd at places of public resort like this,

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come with little other intention than to trifle away those hours in company which would at home be heavily borne.—Hence it is that so many people fly from their own spacious mansions, in which they have the means of gratifying every want, and coop themselves up in a miserable contracted lodging, where they must submit to all its attendant inconveniences—and this for the sole purpose of *killing time.*

I must own, Madam, that there is quite the air of knight-errantry in the idea.—I see you sally out from the gate of your castle, armed with every wish to subdue your oppressor, but unfortunately wanting the only weapons by which you may disarm him of his power over you.

But we'll argue the point, Madam, for I am a traveller like yourself, tho' (I thank heaven) not set out on the same errand.—Your are come to *kill* time, I to make him *an agreeable companion.* Besides, you have only yourself to gratify,—I have a large family to look to, and must keep all my readers in good humour.

Killing of time, my dear lady, is a serious business—Every body talks of it as a thing easily effected; but if you will credit what I tell you, all the labours of HERCULES were a flea-bite to it; for time is not to be destroyed.—It is just such a thing as the *Polypes*, or (for I hate a simile that

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does not lie at my elbow) just like one of the *Sea Anemonies* that are found on the rocks of MARGATE, which you may cut long ways, or cross ways, or end ways, or edge ways, or any ways you please, still every part you separate becomes an entire whole, and the parent animal equally perfect as before—Thus when you have slipt off from *time*, days, and weeks, and months, and years, new days, and weeks, and months, and years shoot immediately into their places, and this instantaneous succession must be eternal.—

If my simile is good for any thing, *time*, with respect to yourself, is *immortal*, and therefore never to be *killed*.

Now when one is harassed by an adversary too powerful to be overcome, it is a wise maxim to win him to our interest. Besides, the tenderness of your own heart, Madam, would never excite in you a wish to destroy any thing—you do not want to *kill time*, you only wish to prevent him from plaguing you; and there are a thousand ways by which you may make him *your friend*.—It is not with minds occupied in the avocations of domestic life, or exercised in the duties of professions and business, that *time* opens hostilities; —he attacks only the idle and the dissipated, and such whom affluence and luxury have enervated.—We are all naturally formed for action; and if those who are placed by fortune beyond the toils,

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the wants, and the anxieties, which the generality of mankind are doomed to feel, would cultivate the many noble pursuits and studies which lie open to them, they might ever have entertainments of their own to revert to in all their leisure hours; nor be compelled to drive about the world with languid countenances, and live on the *miserable charity* of public amusements.

Those who have various resources in themselves, feel that independency of mind which all must covet, nor are ever conscious of the oppressions of *time*; they meet its approach with joy, and only blame the rapidity with which he seems to steal away from them.—Such as have the most of these will ever be found the happiest;—chearfulness is the natural result of exertion, and man the only being we know of in creation to whom time appears often burthensome.

For how many centuries did the successors of Saint PETER make all the potentates of EUROPE ride behind them?—and trotted them up hill, and down hill, over rough and smooth, just as they pleased to lead the way;—for their holinesses always bestriding a mule, partook a good deal of the humour of the beast that carried them—Our Eighth HARRY was one of the first who openly quarrelled with the *pillion*, and resolved to ride single, and independent; the advantages of which ENGLAND hath been sensible of ever since.—

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While we are able, like the POPE, to ride *foremost*, and keep *time* on the crupper, which is the case of the active, the ingenious, and the happy, we may with more infallibility than the see of ROME ever possessed, assert, that we have *time* at our command; and every thing we meet with attracts and delights.—But if we live at the mercy of *time* by being *behind*, we are dragged on at whatever pace he pleases to move,—the reins are out of our hands, and the whole journey of life grows tedious, and irksome.—

This is merely a hint *en passant*, and my readers remain at full liberty to ride whichever way they like best.—

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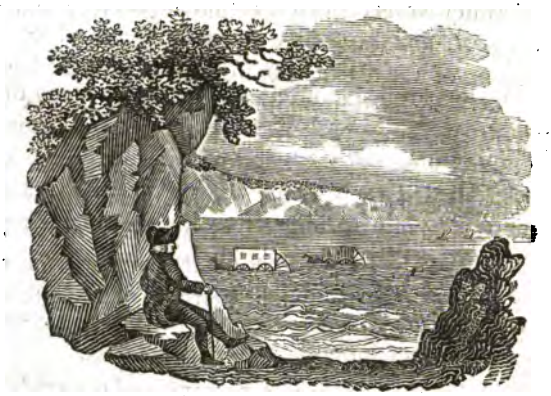

MARGATE.

IT was one of those delicious mornings when the sun rises in unclouded beauty, and darts in at every window, to solicit the slumberer to walk forth and contemplate the glories of nature.—Having no shutters to my chamber, and lying with yellow curtains drawn round me, I awaked in a blaze of light too irresistible to suffer me to close my eyes again.—

'Tis a morning not to be lost, said I,—so dressing hastily, I sallied out, to inhale its fresh breath from the sea.—The fishing-boats were all employed at a distance—the bathing machines all busy in

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the water—every thing was moving—every thing was gay and chearful.

Having strolled leisurely and pensively along the sands that lead towards BIRCHINGTON, I sat down in my return, on the edge of the low range of rock called THE NAILOR, to muse over the tide that was gently stealing in on the flat shore; and while my eyes were wandering over the scene that was spread before me, my thoughts became so totally engaged by it, that they insensibly worked themselves up into the following address.

THE ADDRESS TO THE SEA.

HAIL! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation!—Hail! thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space are immerged for ever in oblivion!—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts, and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious! how awful are the scenes thou displayest!—Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,—when the morning sun, as now, silvers the level line of the horizon,—or when its

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evening tract is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the overarching Heavens!—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors!—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay.—

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view—Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation?—Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abimes?—

The mind staggers with the immensity of its conceptions,—and when she contemplates the *flux* and *reflux* of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that DIVINE POWER, which originally *laid thy foundations so sure*, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits *where thy proud waves shall be stayed!*

But from the spot where I am now sitting, I must address thee as that *oblivious flood* into which we plunge to *drown our infirmities*.—How many diseases, real or imaginary, are now washing off

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under yonder range of canvass machines, drawn up in rows in the water, like a flying camp!—

The *fine lady* withdraws herself from the pleasurable toils of high life, to new brace those nerves which luxury hath relaxed.—

The *bon vivant* who has eat away his stomach, solicits from thee a new appetite.—

The *antiquated virgin* who has shunned every warmer embrace, flies eager and unattired into thine.—

The *young* and the *healthy* court thee for pleasure—the *barren* to become fruitful—the *debauché* asks of thee a restorative—the *corpulent* a scouring—the *feeble*, strength—the *hypochondriac*, spirits—and the numerous family of the *rheumatic*, a set of muscles more pliant than they possess.

Good heavens! what a world of *wants!*—and what claims, bountiful Ocean, for thee to answer!—

Whether the diseases of life multiply—or that thy *medicinal virtues* have been but lately discovered, is a question which I leave to the decision of *the college:* certain it is, that thy shores are daily more crouded with suppliants.—Every little town thou washest, so swarms now with a species

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of inhabitants, unknown to it in former times, that the antient tenants of the place are compelled to stretch out their homely dwellings into more spacious houses, for the admission of the migrating stranger! This circumstance proves, in one sense, a considerable gain to them; but an evil that accrues from it is, that neither their manners, nor their morals, remain long what they were;—the incursions of the opulent and profligate disturb their peaceful domains; while their *examples* excite desires unfelt before, and which being felt, cannot always be gratified but at the expence of integrity.

The old inhabitant possibly takes his revenge by imposing on the stranger as much as he can; but alas! how greatly is he a loser on the whole! Could he ever have reflection enough to strike the balance, he would find the gain which arises from the exercise of low cunning, is but a poor exchange for that *calm plainness* which is the moderator of the heart, and that *simplicity* which is the guardian of virtue.

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THE BATHING-ROOM.

ON entering one of the bathing-rooms, where people assemble and converse till such time as their turns come to take the machines, I was agreeably surprised to find a face or two among the company which I had three years before often seen in the same place.

We were reciprocally glad at the interview. It is a pleasing circumstance to *invalids* to meet after a considerable absence;—their hopes are mutually fortified, being thereby induced to conceive there is not so much mortality in their complaints as they may have suspected.

My lean carcase was complimented on being plumped out since we had last seen each other;—I returned as gracious a salute to the bilious gentleman who had the civility to tell me so,—but I fear it was in both of us rather the offering of good-nature than truth.

A poor crippled figure, with an eye of languor, was commending the improved looks of a lady, whose face wore the colour of an INDIAN pickle,

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which was strongly confirmed by a nervous gentlewoman, who sat in the next chair, shaking like a CHINA Josse.

The flegmatic—the unfeeling, may tax these little *attentions of humanity* with the opprobrious name of *dissimulation*; but I will ever maintain, that it is among the courtesies of life to keep people in good humour with themselves;—I am confident it is the surest method to make them so with those about them, and the world rubs on pleasantly by it.—This disposition, if analyzed, may be reduced to a modification of flattery, but 'tis divested of its nauseating quality, rendered palatable, and swallowed with satisfaction.

Now flattery in the gross, unmodified, or, as it is commonly termed, gross flattery, asks a most fortunate coincidence of circumstances to make it go down at all; for if too strong to be stomached, or ill-timed, it never fails to bring disgrace on the person who offers it.

Such was the fortune of a FRENCH *poet*, who presented to LOUIS the XIVth an elaborate ode on the many conquests and triumphs he had obtained; in which, agreeably to the unintelligible sublimity of ode-writing, he was styled of *Race Divine,—Omnipotent,—Immortal.*—It chanced to be the only piece of paper in his majesty's pocket, when a

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violent fit of the gripes (which can sully even the splendor of a FRENCH throne) had placed the *victor* of the world on a *chaise percee*.—

Pinched almost to death, and detained on his seat in that humiliating situation, the titles of *Divine*, *Omnipotent*, and *Immortal*, presented themselves, at that instant, but *as mockery* and *insult*—the *pride* of the monarch yielded to the *sensibility* of the man, and the ode was applied to that purpose which should ever be the fate of prostituted flattery.—

Most of the company had talked over their own case, which *invalids* are particularly fond of doing, and all had given a judgment on the sea; but in general so contradictory, that had I formed my opinion on theirs, it would have amounted nearly to this—that it thinned and it thickened the blood—it strengthened—it weakened—it made people fat—it made them lean—it braced—it relaxed—it was good for every thing—and good for nothing.—

It will wash you all clean, however, says a grave gentleman in the gallery, if it does nothing else.—

I had, from my first coming into the bathing-room, observed the person who threw out this ob-

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servation, sitting close to the balustrade. He was in a night-cap, and gold-laced hat, wrapped in a great coat, with a silk handkerchief tied round his neck.—As he had remained silent till now, and had uttered his only sentence in a tone of dry humour, I wished to see a little more of him; and as soon as the machines had gradually carried off the company, I accosted him with the trite question of, Sir, don't you bathe?

Bathe, Sir!—no truly, not I—'tis diversion enough to see others do it.—Wet, or dry, none will be out of the fashion—I see all the folks here, young, or old, take to the water as naturally as the Duck—they seem to me to make a Popish Saint of the sea.—What a cackle did yonder women keep about its miracles,—and the mad dog was not taken into the account neither.—By what one hears in these places, if it were not for broken limbs, all our hospitals might be shut up.—

—The virtues of sea-water, said I, may be over-rated—but I still think it an instrument of health to many—you are happy to have no *demand* on it.—

I beg your pardon for that, replied my gentleman—presenting me such an enriched full face, as had not obtained its colouring at a small expence, —if I have no *demand*, Sir, my physician has sent me for three months from LONDON on a fool's errand —and yet he is an honest fellow, too, and I follow

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his rules—but he prohibits me my *morning whet*—denies me *good sauce* and CAYENNE *pepper* with my fish—drenches me with salt water and mutton broth—and obliges me to sit and walk two hours every morning by the sea side, and as many after dinner, in order *to smell the sea-mud.*—As it was a high tide to-day, I took my station in this gallery—but I believe (looking at his watch) I have already snuffed up my morning service, and shall now go to the coffee-house to breakfast.—

You smile, Sir, (added he) and well you may—for who the devil could persuade one that a bad stomach might be mended by any thing that did not go into it thro' the natural channel of the mouth?—

—None, but a *physician*, Sir.—

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THE READER's LOOKING-GLASS.

CONJECTURAL criticism may be considered as extremely analogous to *inoculation*—the operation in both arts being nearly the same;—a *puncture* or *incision* is made in whatever subject we take in hand, something *foreign* to its *natural* composition *insinuated* into it, whose *subtilty* is to circulate through the whole mass;—and if there arise from it some *tumours* or *excrescences* which have sufficient force to ripen into *new matter*, the critic and the surgeon have obtained their end.

Now it is one of the blessings of the present enlightened age, that *inoculation* and *criticism* are made easy to all capacities; and both so universally exercised, that an author may as idly hope to escape the small-pox, as that his labours in some part or other will escape a false interpretation.——The wisest step we can take in either case, is to be *properly prepared* before-hand.

I have therefore ever thought the dividing a work into chapters, the most advantageous mode of writing; for while it offers the reader, who has a long volume to travel through, commodious baiting places, either to take breath, or to take a nap, it

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gives the author a little leisure to look about him, to consider if he is going on safely, and to guard against every accident that may befall him.

The greatest obstructions to the successful journey of an author, arise from the different complexion and temper of his readers. It will, of course, be as useful to him as a book of the roads, to carry in his mind their various characters, that he may the better perceive which of them he should defend himself against, and which of them it ought to be his more particular aim to please.

Whatever the subject be which he treats of, the generality of those who, by accident, or inclination, become his readers, may be ranked under one or other of the following descriptions:

The SUPERFICIAL reader,
The IDLE reader,
The SLEEPY reader,
The PEEVISH reader,
The CANDID reader,
The CONJECTURAL reader.

I may possibly not escape censure for having omitted the LEARNED reader, to whom so many prefaces and dedications have formerly been addressed,—but this was in the times when learning was possessed by few.—In this age, so enriched by

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the inundations of the press, every author is to presume that all his readers are learned,—no one being willing to dispute a title which may call in question the validity of his own.

The SUPERFICIAL reader is one who finds not leisure, or inclination, for more literature than he can take in over a loitering breakfast, or whilst his hair-dresser is adjusting his person.—He contents himself with extracts from *newspapers*, *magazines*, and *reviews*—skims over *title-pages* and *indexes*, and adding to them the smuggled opinions of those who look deeper into books, passes at routs and tea-tables for a well-read gentleman.—

The IDLE reader is the reverse of the former.—He is a great peruser of little volumes, but reads without method, or pursuit, not making *knowledge*, but *amusement*, his object.—

—He is, in one sense, of the happiest class, for he is in no danger of ever reading himself out; so many persons being daily employed to perpetuate his pleasures, by seducing *novels*—little histories, which familiarize the *arts of intriguing*—Memoirs of *Prostitutes*—Anecdotes of *Women of Quality*—and Lives of *Highwaymen*.

The SLEEPY *Reader* is ever a man of a dull languid temperament, both of body and mind.—He takes up a book when he can do nothing else, and

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pores over it, till it drops from his hand;—or if by repeated attacks he fairly arrives at the *Finis* of a volume, he has waded through it so between sleeping and waking, that it is often a doubt with himself whether he has read it at all.—

No *works of genius* are ever seen on his shelves, they are of too *stimulating* a nature, and would defeat his purpose,—but a plenty of *soporific* treatises, under the varied titled titles of *Journals*, *Annotations*, Books of *Controversy*, and *Metaphysical Dissertation*.—

An old relation of mine, who died a martyr to the gout, used, as he sat in his study, to estimate his books not from the *pleasure*, but from the *good naps* they had afforded him.—This, cousin, said he —(pointing round the room with his crutch)—this is a *composer*—this a *doser*—every twenty pages of this excellent author is as comfortable as a glass of *poppy water*.—I believe I was near three months *sleeping* through yonder large volume; and to this worthy little gentleman on the middle shelf, I was indebted for two admirable *night's rest*, when a chalk-stone was forming in my toe.—But my most valuable friend is this set of books by the side of my couch.—I call them my *grand opiate*, and as a mark of distinction, my flannel night-cap generally lies upon them.—

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Now I am well aware that when these *Sketches from Nature* shall appear, half my readers will be on the tip-toe of curiosity to know how the last-mentioned books were *lettered*; but as I have not, I hope, a spice of ill-nature in my composition, I publicly declare the secret shall die with me.

The PEEVISH reader is made up of *conceit* and *ill-humour*—He cavils with the *design*, the *colouring*, or the *finishing*, of every piece that comes before him.—Few have sufficient merit to *extort* his approbation—he had rather even be silent, than commend, and finds his highest satisfaction in discovering faults.—

A man of this cast is an object of compassion; for in the imperfect state of human labours, he must pass his time very miserably!—

—But let us leave him to the severe destiny of *never being pleased*;—To counterpoise his spleen, behold the CANDID reader appears.—Amiable spirit! in thee I contemplate the gentleman, the scholar, the true critic—slow to censure—eager to applaud! convinced by what arduous steps superior excellence is attained, thy liberal mind cherisheth every effort of genius, and unwillingly condemns what thy correct judgment cannot approve.—

But, CANDID reader! thy character hath been more happily delineated by a long-admired writer; in quoting whose lines, I cannot resist this occa-

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sion to say, that they are as strongly descriptive of the amiableness of his own.

—" Yes; they whom candor and true taste inspire,
" Blame not with half the passion they admire;
" Each little blemish with regret descry,
" But mark the beauties with a raptur'd eye.*"

The CONJECTURAL reader brings up the rear; in speaking of whom I desire to be understood as confining my remarks solely to *conjectural* criticism.—He is, or should be, a man of parts, who exercises his ingenuity on deceased writers, by clearing up passages he supposes they left obscure, and interpreting them by his own conceptions—discovering beauties where the author perhaps intended none, and tracing out meanings he might never have in view.—

RODOLPHUS GANDER GUYTCHE, the famous professor at the university of HALL, in his preface to the *three supplemental* volumes of his *commentaries*, printed in *folio*, at LEIPSIC, mentions that it was his constant custom, while engaged in that elaborate work, to ruminate on his subject in his *great chair*, till he insensibly fell asleep,—" During which time," says he, " I always found " that my thoughts digested themselves into matter " and method, and on my-awaking, I was able the " more successfully to prosecute my labours."

* These lines are to be found in an elegant prologue, written by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq. to the tragedy of "Cleone."

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I wish the example of this valuable critic may not have too much influenced succeeding commentators; some of whom adopting the professor's *napping chair*, without possessing his art of rising from it with a clear head, have not always sufficiently separated their *dream* from their *subject*.

As I make no doubt but that this little work will be read an hundred years hence, when I may probably be out of the way to answer for myself,—it may then happen that some CONJECTURAL READER, canvassing the latter part of the preceding chapter, may sagaciously conclude, from my sending a patient *to smell the sea maid* for his recovery, that I thereby meant to ridicule the practice of physic.

To save his penetration the triumph of such a discovery, as well as to rescue that page from the burthen of a note, I hereby avow, that I entertain the highest esteem for *the faculty*, and consider the physicians in general of this kingdom, as by far the most learned body of men it possesseth,—combining with their particular knowledge so beneficial to mankind, all the most liberal and extensive sciences,—and when to the superior abilities of a HEBERDEN, I can see united that distinguished humanity, and that sweetness of manners which adorn his amiable life,—it forms such a character as we must ever look up to with love and respect.

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I had future occasions to know that the person I conversed with in the bathing-room was Mr. Deputy GRISKIN, an eminent broker of the city,—a thorough *bon vivant*,—who sang a jolly song—never missed a parish or city feast—nor finished any treaty for a considerable contract, without making a good dinner at the KING'S ARMS the concluding article.—Having with unwearied appetite eat his way through life, he might probably have eat it to the grave, had not his physician, who knew that abstinence was all that was necessary to reinstate his health, and in whose opinion he placed much confidence—hit on the above-mentioned expedient to withdraw him from the *table* and *bottle*.

I popped on Mr. Deputy GRISKIN six months after, as he was eating a bason of turtle soup at HORTON'S,—when, tipping me a wink as I sat down by him—"This is better," says he, "than "your MARGATE water-works;—you find I am "out of my leading-strings now;—however, the "doctor is a very honest gentleman, and I believe "I shall have another *smell at the mud* next "season!"

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THE DIGRESSION.

O NATURE! it is to thee that I devote myself, and dedicate my pen!—How dost thou enrapture those who contemplate thy charms!—What dignity, what beauty in thy paintings!—'Tis a hand immortal that hath traced them!—Nothing presses unbecomingly on the sight!—Harmony prevails throughout,—and lights and shades are so blended, and so lost in one another, that all is serenity and repose!—

It is just thus in a *natural picture* of human life, which has not been injured by *vice*, or injudiciously retouched by *art*. The parts being originally *well disposed*, there is a *truth* and *simplicity* in the outlines,—the intrusions of *affectation* offend not the sense—no *false colouring* disturbs the design; its *shadows*, its *glows*, and its *reflections*, are all found just;—and good humour, like the orb of day, gives a sunshine to every feature, and finishes a piece we can never look on but with pleasure!—

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More might be made of this allusion—but as I hate to run a thought to death, I'll leave it to those who love the sport.—It has sufficiently answered my purpose, which was only to conduct my reader to the beginning of the next chapter.

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THE PARADE.

THOSE who have paced the *Pantiles* at TUNBRIDGE, or the *Steine* at BRIGHTHELMSTONE; will, I doubt not, be startled at the boldness of a writer, who should prefer the *Parade* at MARGATE to either.—But I must ever decide in favor of *nature*, as long as my voice can articulate a note of approbation.—

—*Mon dieu!* cries my man of taste, as he is sipping his chocolate, *est il possible?*—I expected as much.

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Now I hold, that whoever opposes another's opinion, even in matters of no moment, is bound in honour to declare what his own is founded on.

Among the errors of the present age, it is not the least that we become every day more the mimics of one another; we are not less assiduous in casting our manners, and our sentiments, into the prevailing mode of behaviour, than we are in cutting our cloaths to the reigning fashion—in both, avowed imitators of the FRENCH, though eternity will overtake us before there will be a probability of our being really like them.

Foreign nations have constantly remarked ours, as abounding with a greater *diversity of character* than any other.—Our genius gives the inclination, and the independency of individuals allows us the indulgence of it.—I am concerned to add, that this remark is continually growing less authorized;—we are mouldering ourselves apace into *one shape*,—and I fear the future novelist, or comic writer, will find himself obliged to paint more from idea, than from real life.

Large companies, composed of people of a superior station, exhibit but so many personages of the same cast, ditinguishable only by the gradation of age or beauty.—If you would look for manners untainted by affectation, or marked with simplicity, they must be sought among those of a middle rank,

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or of no rank at all.—The progress of fashion hath not yet so swept from the walks of this place, that *diversity* I have been speaking of, but that there still are to be met with many plain, unrefined characters, intermingled with the more polished crowd. The frequent *imports* and *exports* of the Hoys constantly maintain the inequality, and spread a more spacious canvass.

—The decent tradesman slips from town for his half crown, and strolls up and down the Parade as much at his ease as he treads his own shop.—

His wife, who perhaps never eloped so far from the metropolis before, stares with wonder at the many new objects which surround her,—her eyes speak her pleased with every thing—and the openness of her heart confesses it; careless of the scornful sneer of more improved travellers.

The farmer's rosy-cheeked daughter crosses the island on her pillion, impatient to peep at the LONDON females—Do but observe, Madam, with what astonishment they glance at one another, as if they had mutually seen their *antipodes*.—Heavens! would you ever have imagined them to be of the same sex and country?—

The LONDONER views with a disdainful surprise, the awkward straw hat, and *exposed ruddy countenance* of the rustic nymph; who, in her

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turn, scrutinizes the *inexplicable coiffure* of her criticiser, unable to conceive what can have befallen the *features of a face* of which the *nose* is the only *visible* sign.—

But hark!—the loud giggle—and the toss of the head, which denotes it belongs to *somebody*—proclaim the best company arrived.—Every female reposing on a long crook-stick, half as high again as herself; that one would swear they were just arrived from a nutting party in the woods.—All is clatter—all is motion,—the crowd thickens with fine gentlemen, and fine ladies; while their echoes, in the forms of valets and chambermaids, fill up the side scenes, and enrich the group.—

The *plain fisherman*, leaning over the rails of the *Pier*, attends to, and contemplates, the jargon of all the pretty men and women who pass and repass him, without envying the first, or feeling a wish excited for the latter.—The truth is, his levelled, circumscribed ideas, never attained the dull sublimity of polished life—it is written in characters to him unintelligible, and one line of *Nature* is worth it all.—

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SAINT LAURENCE.

THERE reigns through most part of the Isle of THANET, and particularly so, for many miles around MARGATE, such an extraordinary neatness in the husbandry, that the fields, which lie chiefly open, appear like a wide-extended garden, presenting the eye on every side with fertility and beauty; while the trimness of the many villages, which are scattered over it, shews that the hand of industry prevails throughout.

As the sea air, and exercise, are more beneficial to me than a course of *mud-smelling*, I generally pass four or five hours every day in rambling over this delightful scenery.

In one of my rides the other morning, I accidentally met with an acquaintance, who had taken a little habitation for his summer residence, within half a mile of RAMSGATE, whom I promised to take a family dinner with the first opportunity.—

As my valet (whom I have mentioned before) was setting down my breakfast on the table, I per-

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ceived his hair, (which was at this hour generally *en papillote*) dressed out to the best advantage; and his black cravat very nicely adjusted.—By his appearance, I suspected there was something in the wind.—After fidgeting about the room, and moving half a dozen things which were *not* out of their place, whilst he gained courage to speak, the business came out with—*Apparemment, Monsieur ne sçait pas, qu'il e uni Fête cet après midi à* SAINT LAURENT?

At SAINT LAURENCE?—Why, that is just the place where my friend lives!

After looking wistfully at me, the sequel of his intelligence was an humble request, that if I had no particular occasion for him, he might be permitted to take a walk over there himself.—

—A FRENCHMAN's spirits are always in full flow. The name of a *Fête* is every thing to him; —and he makes a *Fête* of almost any thing.—

—Thou mayest enjoy it and welcome—says I,—and I'll go to SAINT LAURENCE too, and see my friend—so step up to the stable-yard, and give orders for my horses to be ready at noon.—He left the room with a look that told me how much he thanked me.—

—And now, LA PIERRE, whilst thou art running with a light foot, and still lighter heart, to see

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every thing prepared to my wish, thou shalt be followed by the eulogium of a master, on whom thy faithful services, as we have long journeyed together, have not been thrown away!—Thy unshaken honesty hath claimed my confidence! thy artless attention my regard!—Whilst, with unwearied diligence, thou hast gallopped after me through FRANCE and ITALY, full many and many a dreary league, how often hath thy address overcome difficulties!—thy hilarity amused!—thy simplicity instructed me!—But it is in other scenes than these that I shall introduce thee to my reader, should ever my indolence allow me to offer the public those travels.—Then shalt thou make no inconsiderable figure on my page!—and thy character, of which I now but faintly trace the outlines, shall receive from my grateful hand the just colouring it deserves!

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THE RUNNING MATCH.

WHEN a FRENCHMAN, as I have hinted before, talks of a *Fête*, one is often at a loss to know what may constitute it.—It is frequently enough for him that a number of people are assembled in their holiday cloaths—whether for the purpose of *canonizing a saint*, or to form a *guinguette*, is not material.—Nay, had there been no more than a gingerbread fair at SAINT LAURENCE, LA PIERRE would have probably gone thither, and returned too, perfectly satisfied.

—But it happened to be something better—for it was really a *Fête du-Village*, called in this

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country a RUNNING MATCH; which is an amusement common in these parts, though I had never myself seen one of the kind, either in the island, or elsewhere.

As my friend, after dinner, proposed we should be spectators of it, he obligingly gave me a few particulars relative to this species of rural sports.

A certain number of young men, who are active and expert at the business, for a trifling sum collected among themselves, challenge each other to contend in a RUNNING MATCH.—They divide into two sets, as opponents; usually about eleven on a side, though sometimes more; each party wearing a particular coloured ribband tied about their arms, to distinguish them from their adversaries.

Their method of running, as I understood, was, that each side when they stripped for the contest, deposited their cloaths for their respective goals, at the distance of eight or ten rods from one another; and thus arranged, stand prepared for the race.—As soon as it is agreed which side begins, one of that side sallies from the goal, who when he has ran out four or five rods, is marked and chaced by one of his antagonists; whose endeavour is to pursue him, so as to be able to lay his hand upon some part of his body; which if he effects, this is called *giving a stroke*.—But to prevent this effect, he who departed *second*, is, after he advances four or

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five rods, pursued in his turn by another of the *first* party; and this last man in the same manner by another of the *second* party, and so alternately, one after another; each striving by pursuing his adversary, who went out immediately before him, to divert that adversary from being able *to give the stroke* to the man he was aiming to lay hold of, by awakening his attention to his own security; each contender also taking every precaution in his power, to keep to himself a retreat open to that goal from whence he set out.

Those racers, who are expert, and have been much accustomed to this sport, will chace each other frequently for a long time, before there will be a single *stroke* received on either side.

As soon as it happens that a *stroke is given*, the race is immediately stopped, and every man returns to his respective goal.—The party that has lost *the stroke* then renew the race as before, and which ever side obtains the *first seven strokes* becomes the victor of the day.

To prevent any dispute that may arise concerning *the stroke*, each party before the race begins, chooses an *umpire*; who are placed on the most convenient spot for observing the match, and by whose decisions all differences are adjusted.—But these are the sports of pleasure—of health—and of

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simplicity,—far unlike those pernicious games introduced by wanton luxury, which disturb the tranquillity of the mind, and agitate every passion of the heart.—Here *emulation* is the sole point in view —each being ambitious to shew his agility and strength.—All is conducted with good humour and amity ;—nor is it the least pleasing part of the scene, that when the contest is over, the *victors* and the *vanquished* divide the triumph ; the former expending the prize in a rural supper prepared on the spot, at which they are only distinguished from the latter, by sitting at the upper end of the table.—

—My friend added, that he believed there would be many people on this occasion, as the son of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, was one of the race ; who, though a remarkably fleet and experienced youth, had not run this summer, having as it was thought, been pining for love of a young woman of MANSTON, who was an heiress with five hundred pounds in her pocket.—But it is generally conjectured, says he, that FANNY is in reality as deeply smitten as RICHARD, and only withholds her answer for the pleasure of being dangled after by her admirer.—

When we had walked down to the place of contention, it presented us with a most interesting scene.—It was a field surrounded with a hedge, that bloomed with briar-roses and wild honeysuckles,—

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on one side was a small plantation of trees, under which was raised an awning of sail-cloth, tied from stem to stem, forming a kind of large tent, beneath which the tables for the supper were placed.

The grass was covered with many people from the neighbouring villages, assembled in their Sunday cloaths,—while these formed an extended circle, and had their attention fixed on the young men, who were exerting their abilities in the race, several rural females were employed in twisting wreaths of wild flowers round the bottoms of the trees that supported the tent; and others, in blending together garden ones, which they had brought in little baskets, into nosegays and chaplets, to present all the contenders with when the match was finished.—

La Pierre had run away with half his dinner, for fear of losing a moment of the *Fête*—It was the scene in the world for him!—His vivacity,—his good-humour,—his broken English—and his infinite attention to every thing that wears a petticoat, excite him to be ever offering his service—and renders that service ever engaging.—I could not but smile to see him bustling about with the country girls, and assisting them in tying up their flowers—for La Pierre has the vanity to believe that no man can compose a *bouquet* so gracefully as himself.—

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All the runners were stript in their shirts, with white linen breeches, and white stockings; and each had a silk handkerchief tied round his waist.—It was hardly necessary for my friend to point out the farmer's son whom he had mentioned, as his manly figure, and superior agility, had before distinguished him to me.—Indeed nothing but habitude could produce in all of them, that fleetness of foot, and the rapidity exercised in their repeated evolutions;—and we may suppose that each exerted himself to the utmost, from the interest he might feel in the approbation of the rural maidens who were spectators of the race.—FANNY was indeed by no means an unmoved one—she had on a little straw-hat, lined with pink, and a flowered linen gown, tied with ribbands of the same colour, and pinned back to shew a pink petticoat beneath—an air of modesty, and the hue of health, more marked her countenance than any particular beauty in her features.—As soon as she was shewn to me, I noticed her eyes following with eagerness every turn of her admirer;—and sufficiently read in her looks the interest he had in her heart—though whenever he accidentally passed near, and glanced his view towards her, she affected to turn her's aside, and conceal her attention.—

As we walked between the trees, to observe their decorations, and the rustic manner of setting out the supper, the young women shewed a satisfaction

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in seeing us so taken with their sports.—While I stood by FANNY, I could not help expressing to her my pleasure in being fortunately present at so truly a pastoral scene.—She replied, with a blush, "It suits very well, Sir, such folks as we."—It is such only, says I, that can perfectly enjoy it:—half the great people of the world would be unworthy of it—the insipid *refinements* of life *exclude* them.—She looked at her companions, and smiled.—

Long was the contest on either side, and arduously urged on both—but now the shouts of the circling spectators declare the match decided, and RICHARD the foremost of the victors.—All run to congratulate them—and as the disputants draw toward the tent, some of the maidens present every champion with a *nosegay*, and each of the conquerors with one of the little *chaplets* they had prepared, which they immediately bind themselves round his head.—

Most of the villagers who came to the sport, now gradually retire, while the young women, who are connected with the runners, are busied in placing the cold supper on the tables.—LA PIERRE could not avoid lending a hand, and diverted them all with his officious good-humour.—

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Every thing arranged, those who have obtained the victory, and after them, the subdued, present the *bouquets* they have received to the nymph whom they wish to have next them at supper, and who is after of course to be their partner in the dance.—

O RICHARD! 'tis now thy trial comes!—I who have long breathed, and still breathe under the influence of love, who know how much it opens every channel of the heart, and sets each delicacy of sentiment afloat,—how doth my sympathizing bosom feel for thee in this critical instant!—I see thee offer with an air of diffidence, this *pledge of distinction* to thy FANNY.—I see pictured on thy countenance the struggles of hope and fear,—and her acceptance urged by looks, that art is too weak to describe!—She recedes—but recedes reluctant.—I view thee still with ardour persevere—the very roses tremble in thy chaplet, and add a new grace to thy brow!

—And lo! thy mistress turns less averse;—she doubts—she deliberates—she almost resolves—she lifts up her eyes, and beholds her lover crowned a *conqueror*;—she receives the *nosegay* from his hand and compleats his *triumph!*

RICHARD, who was known to my friend, most pressingly solicited us to partake of their entertain-

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ment, and seated us by himself and FANNY—After the repast, which consisted of cold meat, a little shell fish, with some fruit, and vegetables, a goblet of home-made wine went round the table, in salutation of the victors, and in wishing future success to those who had missed it to-day.—It was altogether so unexpected a scene of nature, and simplicity, that I almost fancied myself in the plains of ARCADIA, by seeing thus realized the fictions of poetry.—

The supper ended, they all rose up at the sound of the tabour and pipe,—and each taking out the partner he had before made choice of, they began the dance, which was to close the evening with the same temperate festivity.—

My heart was so much with them, that I forgot how time stole away, till the full moon, rising slowly from the horizon into a cloudless sky, reminded me of my distance from home.—I mounted my horse with reluctance—and LA PIERRE, who followed in high spirits, observed, as we rode along, that he was sure the entertainment he had seen was never invented by the ENGLISH, as the people were all so polite to each other, and no one quarrelsome or drunk.

The reader will rejoice to hear, that soon after this *Fete du village*, my friend at SAINT LAU-

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RENCE informed me, that RICHARD and FANNY had been asked in church the preceding Sunday, "and as the whole neighbourhood," says he, "so much wish their union, there is no fear that any one will *forbid the banns.*"

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DRAPER'S.

A TRAVELLER should think nothing below his notice.—Every scene of life is a picture, whereof some part, or other, is worth his attention.—The pencil of the GREAT CREATOR hath spread before us an eternal variety in his compositions; nor charmed us more with the *sublimity of design*, and the *splendid colouring* of some pieces, than by the *modest tints*, ond *unaffected truths*, by which he often wins our eyes to less distinguished subjects.—

The ladies, the other day after dinner at CLERMONT'S, proposed that we should drink tea at DRAPER'S; AMELIA having in her walks, found among the women who inhabit that foundation, a person whom she remembered for a long course of years servant to an old lady of her acquaintance.

My reader should be informed, that DRAPER'S is a charity instituted the beginning of this century by a Quaker, as a kind of asylum for eight women, who have each a distinct house and garden; but they are ranged together so as to form one large building, in the centre of which is a meeting-house

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for people of the founder's profession; and though originally the charity was intended for such, yet now those who are of a different persuasion, may be admitted members.—It is half a mile distant from MARGATE, and as most of the women employ themselves in knitting garters, laces, pin-cushions, &c. they have every day visitors and customers, in the ladies of that place.—

I will shew you, says AMELIA, as we went along, a very happy old woman;—her father was a considerable tradesman at CANTERBURY, and educated her well; but meeting with many losses, and dying insolvent, she was taken as an upper servant and companion, by the old lady I mentioned, who knew well her family: and who, though extremely rich herself, and bountiful in promises, at her death rewarded a faithful service of near thirty years with a paltry annuity of ten pounds.—Having by her care saved up about two hundred guineas, the added produce of this sum might have made her easy temper perfectly contented; but trusting it with a nephew (to whom at her decease she meant to leave it) in order to put it out on good security, he embezzled the whole, and left her without the hope of retrieving a shilling of it.—By the assistance of a friend at CANTERBURY she got placed in this charity, on the first vacancy; and seems, in her little retirement, to have forgotten the disappointments of life.—

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AMELIA had drawn the outlines of an interesting portrait, and the sight of the original proved it a just one—for it presented the figure of a little elderly woman, with an eye full of vivacity, and such a calmness in all her features as bespoke the tranquillity of the mind within.—The simple neatness of her person was not more remarkable than that of her little habitation.—Every thing was set in order—every thing rubbed to a polish.—In one end of the window lay her bible; in the other, a basket of silks and worsteds, and the emplements for her work.—A jessamine-tree nicely trimmed, and full of bloom, covered the outside of her dwelling; and before lay her little garden, where not a weed was to be seen, sprinkled with common herbs and vegetables, with here and there a currant bush, and a few white lilies interspersed among them.—

—The pride of man, that is still pursuing happiness amid immense plantations, and extensive territories, must, after all its toils, be mortified to find it on such a patch of ground as this!—

AMELIA, who had sent up her tea-chest, made her old acquaintance sit down with us, and busied herself, as well as MARIANNE, in looking over some pin-cushions, and other trifles, which they had employed her to knit, for presents to their friends in town.—I promised you, says AMELIA, that I would one day or other bring up these gentlemen to see

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you; and I believe it gives them more real pleasure than going to the ball-room at MARGATE.—

—Ah! Madam, replied the old woman, what is there to see in such a cottage as this?—

What a palace will hardly ever shew us, returned AMELIA—a contented heart.—

—"That indeed, Madam, is a blessing that Heaven hath bestowed on me through life—Though I fear sometimes, that the conduct of my unfortunate kinsman disturbed me more than it ought—for it grieved me, that what I had been years saving for the maintenance of my old age, should be squandered away in an instant by profligacy.—But it pleased God it should be so;—and it pleased him also in my misfortune to raise me a friend, who unsolicited obtained for me *the independency* I enjoy in this place—where I live, Madam, without a single care:—if I have but little, I want but little—my garden, my work, and my book, fill up the greater part of the day;—and as a most friendly intercourse subsists among us all, I can walk out, or converse with women of my own age and pursuits, who are drawing, like myself, toward the end of their journey, and more interested to look *forward* to another world, than to cast our attention *backward* on this."—

Gracious Providence! thought I, how erringly

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doth man judge of thy dispensations!—not considering that it is from the temper of the heart, not from the exterior parade of fortune, the *decision* must be made.—If the riches and honors of the world are a blessing to some, they prove a burthen to more; and though thrown into the scale of many, thy *impartial* hand holdeth the balance, and giveth in counterpoise *the patient mind*, that possibly outweighs the whole!—

When I contemplated this happy Being at DRAPER's, and understood that the *independency* she boasted of from that place, was only her little dwelling, six pounds, and half a chaldron of coals a year, and a stuff gown and petticoat every two years—when I saw such a full stream of content flow from so shallow a source—my bosom reproached me with a thousand recollected weaknesses, and I felt myself ashamed to have been so often put out of humour by the trivial occurrences of life.

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THE ACCIDENT.

WE were all so well pleased with our visit, that we chatted and loitered about the little cottage, till the day insensibly was closing on us.

—I think, says AMELIA, as we were walking home, that a card-table at the rooms would appear immoderately insipid, after the picture of human nature we have just taken our eyes from.—If my brother or you have no engagement, suppose we all adjourn to my lodgings, and trust to ourselves for the remainder of the evening.—

The chearfulness of the little old woman at DRAPER'S, had left so sensible an impression, that it still was uppermost in our thoughts, and was talked over again after our return.—

—I wish, says AMELIA, that some ladies of my acquaintance, who are eternally miserable, with every motive to be otherwise, could have been of our party;—they might have seen with how few materials happiness is built, when the *foundation* is firm.—These are instructive examples, which

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Providence throws in our way; and I flatter myself, that I always feel my heart grow better, whenever I converse with a character of this kind.—

The misfortune, Madam, is, that we are all on the full gallop through life; riding post after our own conceits,—and few, like you, find either leisure, or inclination, to turn out of the way to consider them;—yet I cannot but think the world abounds with many more of such happy dispositions, than we are in common apt to suspect—though they do not glare upon us in the high streets.—We must not seek them amidst the bustle of competition, but beneath the peaceful shades of retirement.

—I am sure, replied CLERMONT, that several monasteries which I have seen in SPAIN, appear to teem with such characters; where people of both sexes, at a period when every passion may be supposed the strongest, often voluntarily relinquish not only the pleasures, but even the comforts and necessaries of life, and support austerities which long habitude can hardly make tolerable.—It is true, however, that bigotry operates in the place of philosophy,—the motives differ, but the effect produced is the same.—

—Yet give me leave to add, continued I, far less serviceable to the cause of virtue.—When I was abroad, I had myself a singular satisfaction in visiting convents;—some you know offer free access,

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as well as great hospitality to strangers; and by good recommendations to many more, there were few religious orders with whom I had not resided for two or three days.—I am fond as I travel about, of reading mankind, and such a plan, every now and then opened to me some interesting pages.—Nothing can be imagined more absurd than that the SUPREME BEING, who has bestowed on us so many innocent enjoyments to endear our existence, should be enraptur'd of the votarist who *renounced* his bounty.—The whole system of monastic life is unquestionably subversive of all the ties of society—every delicate affection of the mind, planted in us for the noblest purposes, is extinguished, for want of occasions to call it forth;—and though many exalted characters live and die unknown, but within their own cloister; yet how much better for the world had the same virtue walked abroad, and permitted *its light to shine before men!*—

It may serve as a contrast to this afternoon's visit, if you will allow me to lead you into a convent of LA TRAPPE, and relate to you a most singular incident that there accidentally came to my knowledge.—

I had very particular recommendations to the PRIOR, who was far advanced in life: he had seen much of the world, was extremely polite, and communicative, and appeared greatly pleased with my inquiries into their rules and institution.

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During the three days that I remained in the monastery, he allowed me to pass with him most of the hours in which he was disengaged from his devotions and business; and at meal-times consigned me to the care of the FORESTERAIO, whose peculiar province it is to attend, and converse with strangers who visit the convent.—

As I think that there are only two houses of LA TRAPPE existing, it may not be improper to mention, that this sect was first founded about a century ago, with the sanction of POPE INNOCENT THE ELEVENTH, not so much under the notion of a new order, as a revival of the original, and strict institution of SAINT BENEDICT.—

Their mode of life is an astonishing proof of the extreme rigour which enthusiasm can impose;—they live on rice, millet, and vegetables;—their fasts are numerous and severe, and they preserve a *perpetual silence*:—let me add to this, that their eyes are constantly bent downward, and the large cowls which cover their heads, exclude them from *ever seeing one another*.

Yes, AMELIA, your looks may well testify an honest indignation for the violated rights of nature, first trespassed on by the policy of bad men, and supported by the weakness of good.—The GREAT MODELLER of the human countenance never destined it for the concealment of the veil:—Else

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wherefore gave he features that picture the mind? and with the lightning's swiftness announce eac emotion of the heart?—Or why bestowed he eyes that hold converse? and shooting their intelligence from sex to sex, can light up benevolence and love? —As well may one question why the tongue was endued with its varied powers to inform—to charm —to comfort—if folly consigns it to *perpetual silence.*—Perpetual silence!—There is horror even in the words.—

—But your supper, Madam, is on table, and my story will lose nothing by being an hour older.

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THE ACCIDENT.

WHEN I took leave of my amiable PRIOR, he earnestly requested me to pay him, if possible, another visit before I quitted ITALY, which I assured him I would most willingly endeavour to do;—indeed, both gratitude and inclination prompted me to comply with his wish; but an *accident* made it convenient for me to do it, at a time when I the least purposed it.—

You was mentioning, CLERMONT, that your nephew had met me in TUSCANY, under some little circumstances of distress; he was at that time hasting up to join some friends at the fair at MANTUA, and I returned to FLORENCE, from an expedition to BOLOGNA, when we chanced to pass each other on the road, just as I had found myself clear and unhurt, from an overturn of my chaise.—Though he had not seen me for many years, yet my unaltered, meagre countenance, immediately recalled me to his memory.—As he was pressed in time, and my vehicle was now set up again, while they were adjusting all the odds and ends which had tumbled about, I walked a quarter of a mile forward on the

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road with him, to make a few inquiries after you, before we parted.—

Returning to my chaise, I found the overthrow had been less favourable than I supposed;—a wheel was much damaged; and what was still worse, one of the shafts was almost split asunder.—It was a scene of confusion—the postillion swearing by half the calendar,—and LA PIERRE, in spite of all his good-humour, quite in a fume—first *diabling* the postillion—then the rope (which a poor Peasant, who was going by with his Ass, had lent them) because it was too short to bind the broken shaft—then the horses—then the chaise—then his *bidet*, who was frisking with the Ass—and lastly, his own jack-boots, which to be more active, he threw off, and had now tumbled over.—

Seeing that every thing was going on to the devil at a great rate, I took first a deliberate pinch of snuff, and then a deliberate survey of all my shattered affairs.—The afternoon was far gone; to remain in the *Grand Duke's* high-way was impossible; and to proceed with safety, without having matters set to rights, was impracticable.—

In this conjuncture it occurred to me, that I could not be very far from LA TRAPPE; and inquiring of the Peasant who was lending us his assistance, he told me—"that it was but two little miles with-"in the woods that lay before us,—that he lived

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" near the convent himself—had been to carry a " load of faggots down to the village at the bottom " of the hill,—and, if I pleased, that he would con- " duct me thither the nearest way."—

—A fig, says I, for the little nothings that lie across our road,—A man hath not learnt his ABC in philosophy, if he cannot extract some consolatory circumstance from any untoward event!—A second pinch of snuff settled the preliminaries; which were,—that all hostilities of the tongue should immediately cease—that the chaise should proceed with what ability its situation would admit of, to the next post, which was four miles distant;—and LA PIERRE was appointed *chargé d' affaires* to see all its deficiencies made good, and to escort it up to the monastery the next afternoon.—

The terms acceded to, I left the parties to the due performance of them; and, accompanied by the Peasant and his Ass, we cheerfully turned into the path which led to the wood.

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THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

THOUGH I was going forward to a place where *solitude* and *silence* were esteemed to constitute part of a *christian triumph*; yet I could not help reflecting how much we are by Nature disposed for society, and how pleasant a little converse renders our way, whithersoever we are journeying.—

Before we reached LA TRAPPE, my fellow-traveller had made me fully acquainted with all his little concerns;—it was a sketch, slightly coloured, of cheerful industry hard toiling for its daily bread!—Nor did the Peasant omit introducing also the

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history of the poor Ass, who worked and lived as hardly as himself, yet was now shaking his ears, and trotting briskly before us, with his empty panniers, as conscious possibly as ourselves, that the care of the day was over.—

Vespers were just ended when I arrived at the convent; and the FORESTERAIO congratulating my return, conducted me to the apartments of the PRIOR, who received me in the most cordial manner; and as no mischief had arisen from my accident, was polite enough to call it a favorable one to him.—

We passed together two hours in conversation; the greater part of which was spent in gratifying his curiosity in relation to places and people I had seen since I left him.—Indeed I have had many occasions to observe, that none are more inquisitive after every thing that is stirring in the world than Monks, who are presumed to have totally withdrawn their attention from it.—Nature will appear, in spite of all the institutions of folly;—and I have known men as eager after politics in a monastery, as a *change-alley* broker at JONATHAN's.—

When it drew near the time of the PRIOR's retirement, the FORESTERAIO came in to us; and after sitting a little while, told me, that my supper was ready to serve up; so wishing my old friend a good rest, I withdrew with the FORESTERAIO; who

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sat by, and conversed with me, during my simple repast, giving me his company, till I judged proper to retire myself, which I did very early; when shewing me to the little dormitory I had before occupied, and lighting my lamp, he took his leave as usual.—

Though I had a pretty snug altar by my bedside, and a flaring virgin suspended over it, I was too much fatigued to implore her intercessions,—but commending myself to all the Saints in the lump, who were protectors of the house, I laid myself down, and in a few minutes was in a profound sleep.—

In this oblivious state I should probably have passed the whole night, had I not about three hours after my going to rest, been roused out of it, by the tolling of a loud and deep-toned bell; whose echo vibrating along the narrow cloisters, produced a most dreadful and solemn effect.—I knew it was not their usual summons to nocturnal prayer.—I strove to compose myself,—but its repetition as effectually *murdered sleep* as MACBETH's dagger; every thing seemed to my ear to be in motion—doors opening and shutting—and numberless footsteps passing and repassing my chamber, which opened into the cloister.—

Twice I sat up in my bed to listen,—twice undrew my curtain,—and twice closed it, and laid down

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again.—A peep I conceived might throw some light on the affair—so, without thinking once of any of my infirmities, I jumped out in my shirt, and holding the door in my hand, glanced my eyes along the cloister; where I saw several of the brotherhood, covered with their cowls, passing singly through, and crossing a small court, which led to the church.—

What a singular situation, thought I, is my present one!—Here am I on my travels through this whimsical world,—on tip-toe to observe whatever is passing,—peeping and peering into every corner—possessed also (though upon better motives) of the curiosity of a chamber-maid, to lift up every thing that hath a lid, and see what it covers—and yet in this strange conjuncture am I without the ability of indulging it!—for every one of these fathers, who are now passing me and of whom I might otherwise enquire, have all vowed *perpetual silence*.—Who knows but there may be some miracle working in the convent!—and what would the *literati* say when I get back to ENGLAND, should I be unable to give them a philosophical account of it?

Now a miracle, Madam, was the thing in the world I was the most desirous of seeing;—the very hope that this might prove one made me whip on my clothes more expeditiously than I had ever done before—I had read of many—heard of more—nay, had strove hard to obtain one in my own family, by

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silently promising a *tabula votiva* to at least half a dozen *phthisical* Saints, in order to confute my doctor at BOLOGNA, who had pronounced my cough incurable.—Add to this, that I had missed of a notable one at ROME, by being five years too late there, and by an accident was prevented being present at a famous one in NAPLES:—but disappointments must generally attend those who look for things out of their common course.—

—Now when all, Madam, came, to be cleared up, there was not the shadow of a miracle in this business;—for crossing from the cloister to the little paved court which I mentioned before, I met the FORESTERAIO, who expressed great concern that I had been thus disturbed.—I returned him the compliment on behalf of himself, and the whole house, requesting to know the occasion of it.—

He replied,—that the PADRE SERAFINO was in *articulo mortis*.—

—God comfort him, said I.—

—And according to the rules of our order, is carried into church on a hurdle, strewed with ashes, to receive the *extreme unction* in the presence of all the brotherhood.—

—The ceremony, said I, must be better for his *soul*, than his *body*;—but if the request is not im-

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proper, I would willingly be a spectator of the holy function.

By no means, returned the FORESTERAIO, but it is already administered;—however if you will step into the little gallery behind the lattices, where you heard our high mass when you were here before, you will thence see every thing distinct.—

—It was in truth a sight to vibrate all the chords of humanity!—In the middle of the church, on a kind of rush-matted hurdle, lay stretched the figure of an old man, worn to the bone;—his cowl was off, and every feature seemed settled in death; save that an eye-lid once or twice drew up, and instantly fell again.—On his breast lay a little crucifix, which he pressed close, with two emaciated hands; while the PRIOR stood at his feet, and the fathers of the convent all knelt around in solemn silence,—which, after some time, was interrupted by the PRIOR, addressing himself thus to the dying Monk—"I trust, "my brother, that thy confidence remains unshaken."—

—The vow of *taciturnity* reaches but to the confines of the grave.—He was now freed from it,—at liberty to declare his hope, and to exhort those about him, to *continue faithful unto the end.*—But all the faculties of speech were extinguished!—the last effort of life shewed he wished to testify

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what he could not utter;—he made a feeble attempt to press the crucifix to his lips,—but his hand fell with it,—and the man was dust!—

—The brotherhood now drawing off singly, with bowed heads, and folded arms, I slipt down from the gallery, and returned to my little dormitory.

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THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

YOU will easily conceive that the little sleep I obtained from the remainder of the night, was neither composed, or refreshing :—the scene I had been spectator of, had too strongly impressed my imagination ; though my waking thoughts in the recollection of it, only pictured to me an old man released from an existence, which pain, and the austerities of his order, might long have rendered burthensome—quitting a world which he had for years renounced—without leaving behind any object to interest his last moments, or a single creature to mourn his end.—

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—Death only is arrayed in full terror when he comes to summon the happy,—the fortunate—and rend asunder the ties of love and friendship !—

When the arm of some tender wife pillows the head of a faithful husband,—when she wipes from his brow the cold dew of dissolving nature,—when eye meets eye, and in mute eloquence announces the throbbings of an agonizing heart ;—Or when some widowed parent, in the last conflicts of life feels for the future destiny of those, whose orphan years must soon miss her care !—when she views them around her bed—and sees all their artless looks directed to her,—when the eager clasp,—when the parting kiss is given—and the streaming eye speaks more than language ;—then it is, that this *victor of the world* surrounds us with a scene, that humanity wants fortitude to sustain !—

La Pierre and the chaise arrived punctual to the time appointed, with all grievances sufficiently healed ;—but as my rest had been so disturbed the preceeding night, the Prior insisted that I should not depart till the next morning, when I might be better refreshed to proceed on my journey ; and wished me to accompany him in his evening walk, in the Convent garden.

I had no pretence to decline the proposal ;—for in truth my life hath never been so nicely balanced,

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that the defference of a day could much affect the scale.—

As there may not be many who have taken a turn in this garden,|— and as you, Madam, never can,— I will give you a slight sketch of it; and inform you, that both that and the monastery, are encircled with a wood; that it participates the gloom of the order it belongs to,—that every member cultivates his own solitary spot,—that instead of the luxuriant beauty of odoriferous flowers, is seen only beds of herbs and vegetables, and plantations of tobacco, which all Monks are particularly fond of.—Around it are long walks of pines and cypresses, here and there intermixed with clumps of the same kind of trees; and benches placed at the roots of several of them, designed for repose, or meditation.

As the PRIOR and myself were sitting under the shade of one of these, near a part of the garden which is separated from the rest by a railing, and used as their *cimiterio*, or burying-place; my attention was attracted by two Monks, who were digging a grave for the PADRE SERAFINO.—I observed that they presently laid down their spades, and were soon succeeded by one or two more; who, after throwing up a few shovels full, were on retiring, followed also by others, who employed themselves just in the same manner;—it being customary, as the PRIOR informed me, for every one

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to assist in this duty to a departed brother,—it serving also as a melancholy memento to themselves.—

This led us to enter again upon several particulars relative to the peculiarity of their institution; and I could not but observe to my venerable friend, that I conceived their being absolved when *in extremis*, from their vow of *taciturnity*, and permitted to address those of their own fraternity, who were travelling toward the grave, through the same flinty path, must sometimes be the occasion of disclosing very singular feelings, which might for many years have been embosomed in silence.

It undoubtedly hath, says the PRIOR, where nature still remained strong enough to support for a little while its contest with death.—Whatever lies a burthen on the mind, is often in those moments thrown off; particularly when it interesteth the peace of the sufferer.

About nine or ten years after I was appointed to the office I now hold in this monastry, a similar situation produced one of the most affecting scenes that could be beheld.—The story, added he, is so much *in the cause of virtue*, that I heartily wish it were better known;—and as you appear to be a traveller both of curiosity and sentiment, I shall be happy to put you in possession of it.—

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—I thanked him with a warmth that might testify how much he had excited my attention;—and the PRIOR proceeded thus:——

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THE STORY OF THE COUNT SAINT JULIEN.

THE *Count* DE SAINT JULIEN was descended from a very ancient family; and was only at the age of twenty, when the death of his father made him master of a considerable sum of money, and of an estate in DAUPHINE, which might have supported him in the same affluent manner his ancestors had lived in, had not an unbounded love of pleasure taken an early possession of his heart.—DAUPHINE became soon too confined a sphere for him to move in,—the dissipations of PARIS better suited the gaiety of his temper, where his figure, his expence, and his lively parts, quickly introduced him into the politest assemblies.—He was brilliant in all places of public resort,—ostentatious in his gallantries,—and was admitted to many of the *petits soupès* of the *Esprits forts*; which are *coteries*, composed of wits and free-thinkers, who have too much vanity to agree in the received notions of mankind; but by their art, and the pleasantry of their ridicule, often operate too powerfully on weak minds, by undermining the good principles they may have imbibed, and substituting their own pernicious ones in their place.—

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SAINT JULIEN had soon after his arrival at PARIS, taken an ITALIAN figure-dancer of the opera into keeping; who bore him one son, whom he named FREDERIC;—a youth of fine parts,—formed by nature with great sensibility,—and with a mind so happily disposed, as might have rendered him a worthy and shining character, had not all these advantages been overshadowed by a false education, and their movements corrupted by the *bad example* of a father, who having, in a long course of dissipated connections, lost his own morals, gave himself little concern about those of his son;—conceiving that the exterior accomplishments of a gentleman, comprehended every thing that was most material to carry him successfully through the world.—The infidelity of SAINT JULIEN's mistress in a few years totally dissolved the attachment; and FREDERIC, by the time he attained the age of nineteen, became a companion to his father in all his vices, and likewise encouraged as such as he had a propensity to himself—the *dignity of a parent* being as much forgotten by the one, as the *respect of a son* was by the other.—

—Pleasure and extravagance gradually waste the amplest fortune.—The *Count's* had, during the twenty-four years he had quitted DAUPHINE, been annually decreasing;—nor could it, by the course of his expences, have lasted so long, but for his abhorrence of every kind of play, and had not some

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beneficial bequests from deceased relations, retarded its dissolution.—He constantly expended far more than his income, and his estate had dwindled away by sales of an hundred acres at a time, till necessity compelled him to abridge many of his expences.—The contract for the old family mansion, with all the remaining land about it, was just compleated, and the four thousand *louis d'ors*, which the purchase amounted to, paid into his banker's hands, when the following event gave a new turn to his life and fortunes.—

Among *Les Filles entretenuës*, there was at that time at PARIS the CLAIRVILLE, who then lived under the protection of one of the *Farmers General*, whom I shall speak of by the name of D'AVIGNON.—She was a woman of much beauty, and great intrigue; but by her address, constantly flattered his vanity and weakness; and by the success of her art, kept her gallantries concealed from him.—SAINT JULIEN had made repeated overtures to this lady, and had been treated by her with a disdain his pride could not brook; she had however bestowed a more favourable look on his son, whom she had met in the THUILLERIES, and frequently had conversed with; and whose youth and elegant figure, had made a sensible impression on her heart.—For there was still an amiableness of character about him, nor could his assumed air of licentiousness disguise a certain ingenuousness of mind,

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which must continue to please as long as nature hath a charm.—

It chanced that FREDERIC, coming one evening out of the FRENCH comedy, found the CLAIRVILLE in one of the passages of the theatre, waiting for her coach; which by some accident among the carriages was prevented from drawing up.—With his usual address, he offered to see her safe out;—and the result of half an hour's attendance and assiduity, was an appointment with him to meet her at the masquerade, which was to be a few nights after, where she gave him to understand she should be found only with a female friend;—intimating at the same time that D'AVIGNON had business which would call him some leagues from PARIS,—and notifying the dress by which he might discover her.—

FREDERIC, who had been constantly tutored by his father, that gallantry was the first accomplishment of a gentleman, never scrupled to communicate to him the progress he made in any he was engaged in; he therefore, with his accustomed familiarity, informed him of the assignation he had made with the CLAIRVILLE.

SAINT JULIEN concealed the surprise he felt at this intelligence—the contempt which had been shewn him by that lady, recurred with fresh poig-

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nancy, from the mortification his high spirit suffered by the preference given to FREDERIC; he however so sufficiently possessed himself, as not to appear in the least discomposed, and advised him by all means to pursue the affair.—

—When a father is so unprincipled as to become a rival to his son, in a matter of this nature, it argues a mind so totally depraved, as to require but little apology to be made for the despicable meanness of the *Count* in seizing this occasion to revenge himself of a woman,—and by exposing her infidelity to D'AVIGNON, ruin her power;—not in the blindness of his passion foreseeing the ill consequence that might happen to his son in this business.—

The *Farmer General* receiving an anonymous letter, which hinted to him, "that the next masquerade might discover, if he possessed the affections of his mistress so fully as he imagined," doubted for some time whether he should pay any attention to its writer;—but jealousy is a passion easily awakened in men of debauched characters; and more predominant in advanced years.—He resolved on his intended journey; but took care to get back to PARIS time enough to be present at the masquerade.—As he was ignorant of the CLAIRVILLE's dress, he might in so large an assembly have

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probably returned without finding her, had he not after more than two hours of anxious search, at last discovered her, by means of some jewels in her hair, which he had presented her with himself. —He saw her whole attention given to the gentleman who was with her,—observed she conversed with no other,—and had now little reason to scruple the intelligence he had received.—He watched them with earnestness, and rage, the whole night, till they quitted the ball; nor lost sight of her, till he saw her enter with her gallant the house he kept for her.—The servants observing a mask follow almost immediately their mistress and her friend, concluded it to be one of the party;—but the instant that D'AVIGNON had reached the garden apartment, which was his usual supper room, and whither she had conducted her lover; he threw them both into the utmost consternation, by discovering himself to them,—with ungovernable passion reproached the lady for her inconstancy;—and drawing a sword, which he had concealed under his dress, ran with fury upon her paramour.—FREDERIC throwing off his domino, hastily seized one of D'AVIGNON's own swords, which hung with a hat and belt, in the room where they were; and thus armed, used every endeavour to appease his antagonist by words —but the other, pressing on him with a vehemence which would listen to no palliation, the unsuccessful youth found himself compelled to defend his own life; and in the recounter mortally wounded

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the *Farmer General*.—CLAIRVILLE fell into a swoon, and FREDERIC fled instantly out of the house, with that precipitance and perturbation which must ever be natural to so unhappy a situation.—

This unfortunate event happening early in the morning, D'AVIGNON did not survive many hours. —Though SAINT JULIEN enjoyed an idea, the secret triumph which this stratagem gave him over a woman, whose conduct towards him had provoked so unmanly a resentment; yet he apprehended from its success no other result, than her disgrace;—never conceiving that from such a connection as D'AVIGNON had with her, any point of honour would have stimulated him to oppose the arm of age, to the vigour of youth.—He felt himself however when the time arrived, by no means in an easy situation—it was a painful suspence, between hope and fear—he was alarmed for the difficulties in which he might possibly have involved his son,—and feared also that the great influence of the *Farmer General*, when he should know who had supplanted him in the affections of his mistress, might be highly prejudicial to the future interests of FREDERIC.—He passed the night in much disquiet; nor dared the next morning to make any inquiry, lest he might awaken suspicion; but in the utmost anxiety waited at home the arrival of his son, wholly ignorant of the scene that had been acted

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till the following letter, delivered about noon to his servant, by an unknown person, opened to him the fatal catastrophe.—

—"My rendezvous with the CLAIRVILLE, to "which you so strongly prompted me, hath been "attended with the most dreadful consequences— "we were surprized immediately on our return "from the masquerade by D'AVIGNON, who flew "at me with the madness of an assassin.—It was "in vain that I attempted every thing in my power "to appease his passion—I was at last necessitated "to oppose violence to violence, and in defend- "ing my own life, I have but too much cause to "apprehend, that I have deprived him of his.—

"In the hours of horror which I passed since, "I have been awakened as from a dream, to a "just sense of myself.—I view with despair my "youth plunged so early into vice, and stained "with another's blood!—

"Terrible as my reflections are,—they turn with "indignation on a parent, who instead of guiding "my steps to virtue, hath trained them in the paths "of profligacy; and by his own wretched exam- "ple deceived his son into ruin.—

"By the time that this reaches you, I shall be "many leagues from PARIS.—To fly from myself

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" is impossible,—but I will hasten to some distant
" part of the world, where the fatal errors of my
" life may be unknown; and strive with repentant
" tears to amend a corrupted heart.—

—" Unconnected—forlorn—and friendless,—my
" necessities have compelled me in the moment of
" departure, to deceive your banker into the pay-
" ment of half the money lodged in his hands.—
" I can hardly regard this action as criminal, when
" I consider this little sum as the all I can share of
" a noble patrimony, squandered away in extrava-
" gance, and which, had honour governed your
" life, I might have inherited.—With this I must
" push my future destiny;—what it may be, is
" unknown—and will ever remain so to you; as
" this will probably be the last you will hear
" of your

" Lost, and unhappy

" FREDERIC."

SAINT JULIEN on reading this letter, for the first time felt the *dignity of virtue*.—He almost sunk at the reproaches of a son, of which his own conscience confessed the justice;—and he had the additional misery to reflect, that he was the secret cause of the fatal event which had driven him away for ever from his sight.—Though this was a circumstance lodged within his own breast, yet the guilt of it was likely to remain a lasting thorn

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there.—The talk which so unhappy an affair must occasion,—a ruined fortune—an exhausted credit—the slights that had long been shewn him by many—and his last remaining finances, sunk to a half by FREDERIC,—were sufficient motives to awaken an idea, which he soon after executed, of bidding adieu to PARIS.—He concerted his plan with a person of considerable rank, who had been much attached to him, and who furnished him with such recommendatory letters to one of the ELECTORAL courts, as procured him, in a short time, a decent post, and the countenance of his new master.—

In this situation he lived near eight years,—if not happily, at least as comfortably as could be expected;—his company was pleasing—and all that was known of his story was, that he had, through imprudence, ran out a considerable fortune.—The recollection of past scenes, and the uncertainty he was in about his son, over-shadowed the joy of many an hour;—but he exerted all the powers of dissipation to drive away every uneasy remembrance.—

It is not an easy task to reclaim a depraved mind!—the spirit of intriguing remained still the predominant passion of SAINT JULIEN;—and having by long and varied importunities attempted to seduce the affections of a lady about the court, whose absent husband was a general officer in high

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esteem with the ELECTOR, he was instantly dismissed from his employment, and commanded by his prince, at the peril of his safety, to withdraw from his dominions in four-and-twenty hours.—

He collected precipitately the very little property that remained to him, and retired in haste to the canton of FRIBOURG.—He was now surrounded by a distress that would not allow him to shun his own reflections;—they presented a picture truly terrible—pride struggling with poverty, without—and not a source of consolation, within!—He at length determined to address himself to his mother's brother, who was a *Chanoine* of the cathedral church of PALERMO; whom he had not seen since his youth, and whom he had long ceased to correspond with, on account of his having more than once, reproved the criminal course of life which he had heard he led at PARIS.—

—Though it was a doubt with him whether the *Chanoine* was still living, yet he wrote to him from FRIBOURG; communicating part of his distress, and his purpose of visiting PALERMO, and throwing himself under his protection,—resolving, that should his uncle be dead, or refuse to countenance him, he would end his days in some part of SICILY, where his misconduct would be unknown.—The port of MARSEILLE was the most favorable to his intention; but the question was, how to get thi-

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ther?—his finances were low; and the apprehension of meeting in his passage through FRANCE, any one who had known him in his prosperity, was painful.—He debated the matter much, and long—and to obviate, the best in his power, every objection, he converted all he had into money,—let his beard grow,—procured a religious habit,—and set forward on his journey on foot;—making devotion, for the first time, subservient to his designs.—

It chanced that his road lay though DAUPHINE;—and he had the severe mortification to pass over part of the noble domain of his ancestors—a territory once his own—now parted off among various proprietors:—This was indeed a scene that penetrated his heart;—his strength almost failed him,—and he sat down on a bank by the way-side, to recruit his trembling spirits.—Memory pictured to him the happy morning of his life,—and the thousand little incidents of uncorrupted innocence!—It drew in loveliest colours, the hospitality of a father, who lived the protector of the poor, and the injured,—nor failed to recall those blameless hours, when, as the youthful successor of his fortunes, he used, with cheerful step, to walk forth from the venerable mansion now just before him, to meet the homage of his surrounding tenants!—the reverse was terrible to thought—his mind glanced it over, and shuddered at the view.—He

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detested the world;—detested himself;—and in sullen sorrow, by long and weary journeying, found at last his way to MARSEILLE, where he embarked in a ship that was on the point of sailing, for SICILY, and MALTA.

—It was the ill fate of this vessel, after being six days at sea, to be driven by contrary winds, much nearer the coast of BARBARY than was for its safety, as the regency of TUNIS was then at war with the FRENCH; and a dead calm succeeding the adverse weather, the captain discovered the next morning a TUNISIAN *Corsair*, bearing down upon them, which appeared to be too powerful for the little resistance he could oppose to it.—A general panic seized every one on board; and the *Count* conceiving that the religious habit he wore, might expose him to additional ill-treatment from those barbarous people; or induce them to exact a higher ransom, threw it into the sea, cut his beard close, and procured a dress from one of the common sailors.—In brief they were boarded,—rifled,—stripped,—carried on shore,—examined, and sent to the bagnio of SANTA LUCIA, which is one of the places where the slaves are usually lodged.—

There are adverse hours in some men's lives, that are eventually the most beneficial, by bringing home all their scattered thoughts and giving them a just idea of themselves!—Of such a nature were

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those melancholy ones SAINT JULIEN numbered. —Though he was not (as no public works were then carrying on) condemned to bodily labour, yet he found himself plundered of every thing, doubtful of redemption, and compelled to subsist for a considerable time on food which was nauseating; till a sailor who was made captive with him, and the same who had furnished him with a mariner's garment when he cast off the religious one he had assumed, had, by means of acquaintance among the slaves, obtained sufficient credit to open a little shop for selling wine to the TURKS*, and was moved by humanity, as well as veneration for the *Count* (whom he imagined to be really one of a religious order) to take him in as an assistant, and let him live as he did himself.

—It was some months before SAINT JULIEN knew by what means he could convey notice of his captivity to PALERMO; which he was obliged to wait an opportunity of doing, through the channel of LEGHORN; as the SICILIANS were then at war with TUNIS.—And it was by various accidents, near a year and a half from the time of his being made prisoner, before any letter, or his ransom arrived.—

* This circumstance will appear strange to many readers, who recollect that wine is prohibited by the KORAN; but it is well known that the use of it is authorized, or at least connived at, in those districts where the slaves are stationed.

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It was a tedious interval,—a painful uncertainty!—Imagination lengthened every hour as it passed;—and even the distant hope of future liberty, was frequently over-shadowed by the doubt of his uncle being still alive.—

The hardships he endured,—the sad society of wretches about him,—and the recollection of his former misused prosperity, subdued both his health and spirits.—His heart was now convinced, that it had been totally warped by the seduction of wits, and libertines;—and the reflection which tortured him most, was, that he had probably, by his own abandoned principles, involved his son in lasting misery.—He was now sensible, that virtue was a reality, and not a name: and that whoever throws away the shield of religion, becomes, in the moment of adversity, a defenceless existence.—He turned back his eyes on a life of guilt, and determined, that what remained of it, should be consecrated to penitence.—

—At length a vessel arrives, and brings him a more tender invitation to PALERMO,—together with a remittance through the hands of one of the consuls, of four hundred sequins, for his redemption and journey.—SAINT JULIEN, having only passed for a common man, no more than two hundred sequins was demanded for his ransom.—He immediately obtained his CARTA FRANCA, and took his

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passage in a DUTCH ship, that was soon after to sail for SICILY.

—As the first fruits of a heart awakened to virtue, he presented his humane benefactor, the sailor, with a purse of one hundred sequins, which, with what the poor fellow had saved up in his little wine trade, was somewhat more than necessary to purchase his freedom.—The *Count* had the satisfaction of seeing him set at liberty, and quit the shore of BARBARY, in the same vessel with himself.—

It was not many days before SAINT JULIEN arrived safe at PALERMO, and expressed, in the warmest terms of gratitude, the obligation he felt to his uncle, for relieving him from his captive state.—The good old man received him with a cordiality he never could have expected; and many a tear fell down his aged cheek, when in their frequent conversations, he found his nephew redeemed from the *worse captivity* of an abandoned life.—The *Chanoine* made him attend in all the functions of the church; and omitted no occasion to confirm him in his good resolutions.

—"You have known," says he, "the extremes of affluence, and distress,—have experienced that happiness is not born of riches,—and

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" can only spring where virtue hath planted it!—
" It is now within your reach; and I trust you will
" not again let it slip your hold—I must daily ex-
" pect to be called from you;—the poor have been
" my family; but what I am still able to bequeath
" you, will in your present temper, be more than
" equal to every want."—

" — Little—little indeed," replied SAINT JULIEN, " have I merited the consolation I find!—
" You see me, Sir, humbled by my vices and folly,
" but convinced from principle, of all my errors—
" every wish toward the world is extinguished;—
" and it is my fixed resolve, to retire to some
" monastery, and close the evening of my life, in
" solitude, and contrition."—

The *Count* resided with his uncle near a twelvemonth; during which time his choice determined him to enter into the convent of LA TRAPPE.—I had then, says the PRIOR, been somewhat more than two years appointed the superior of this house; and having formerly been well known to the good old *Chanoine*, he wrote to me on the occasion; intreating me in the most affectionate terms, that in recollection of the friendship we had once had for each other, whenever his nephew should enter amongst us, that I would sometimes allow him to advise with me.—

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There was fortunately just then a vacancy, to which I immediately named him; and bidding an eternal adieu to his benevolent uncle, he was admitted into this convent, and in due time *took the Cowl*.—In the intercourses which we had frequently together, he unfolded to me all the various occurrences of his unfortunate life;—he ever spoke of them with a heart-felt sigh; and his pious example was improving to many.—

After he had resided among us four years, his health began gradually to decay.—The vicissitudes of his fortune had probably much accelerated the approach of age;—perhaps too, the austerities of our order, were too severe for a constitution, so early habituated to the blandishments of luxury;—though he was still able to attend most of our functions, and lived to compleat nearly his *seventh* year.

When his dissolution was nigh, he was brought out into our church, on the matted rushes, in the same manner as you saw our brother of yesterday; whilst I, agreeably to our institution, convened all the Convent to witness his end.—His mind appeared perfectly clear;—he exhorted, with a weak voice, those around him, to persevere in piety; and then addressed himself to me, with an eye that bespoke all the distress of his heart.

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"—Holy father," says he,—"a little space, "and I am numbered with the dead!—The "penitence I have exercised within these walls, "hath, I trust, washed away the stains that dis- "graced my former life!—In that confidence I "sink to my grave!—one only anxiety agitates "my bosom;—it is for a son, whom my unhappy "example may, I fear, have rendered miserable.— "You, holy father, know my story.—O! if my "long-lost FREDERIC still be living!—Could he— "but 'tis impossible—could he but ever hear, that "the once abandoned heart of poor SAINT JULIEN "was reformed!—could he but learn, with how "many repentant tears I have wept for his forgive- "ness!—how ardently in death wished to bequeath "him a blessing!—it might haply turn his steps to "virtue, and my spirit would depart without a "sigh!"—

—"Gracious Heaven!"—(exclaimed a Monk, throwing back his cowl) "Gracious Heaven!— "thy will be done!—Behold—behold thy FRE- "DERIC kneels before you—as much unlike the "libertine who left you, as you the parent from "whom he fled!—O let me catch a blessing from "your dying lips!—and in a last embrace, be can- "celled the remembrance of every thing that is "past!"

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The transport and amazement of so unhoped an interview, gave a sudden impulse to the blood; and invigorated a little longer, the powers of life.

—"A few moments," says the *Count*, (casting a look of the most affectionate earnestness on his son)—"a few moments, and the knowledge of the "world will avail me nothing!—And yet my lin-"gering spirit fain would know by what mysterious "means we have thus met again?"

—"Briefly let me say," returned FREDERIC, "that on quitting PARIS, I hastened with the ut-"most speed to MADRID; accompanied with the "strongest resolution of amending an unfortunate "life.—After some time, I obtained a commission "in his *catholic* majesty's service, and was sent "into NEW SPAIN, to join my regiment.—I was "occasionally stationed in various garrisons on the "Southern continent; and at MEXICO married the "daughter of a deceased officer of VALENCIA, "who had brought her thither with him, from "EUROPE.—I began to experience the serenity "and happiness of virtue, and for five years, en-"joyed in the society of one of the best of women, "every blessing my heart could desire.—Far re-"moved from all who knew me, I here wished to "have ended my days,—but my regiment being "called home, and the climate having much af-"fected the health of my wife, she was anxious to

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" return to BARCELONA, which was her native air,
" and where she had two aunts still living, who
" had in her earlier years supplied a mother's loss;
" and to whom I had not restored her ten months,
" when the hand of death dissolved our union.—
" Sick of the world,—its follies,—its disappoint-
" ments—all that endeared it to me gone before!—
" and no pledge of love left behind, to hold me to
" it!—I turned away from it without a single re-
" gret—bequeathed to the family of the amiable
" Being I mourned, the little fortune she brought
" me,—and *nine* years ago, under the assumed
" name of LORENZO, withdrew into this mo-
" nastery."—

" Happy, my child," added SAINT JULIEN, (pressing his son's hand with a look of eager tenderness) " happy is it, that the GREAT DISPOSER
" of human events, hath ordained, that we meet
" in peace at last!—*Seven* of those years have we
" lived together in this place, though mutually un-
" known—often kneeling side by side at the same
" altar—often joining in the same devotions—and
" perhaps soliciting Heaven for each other.—Oh!
" my FREDERIC!—the crime which hath made thy
" heart most wretched, with the severest anguish
" hath tortured mine!—I have injured thee much—
" but all is, I hope, atoned!"

—" Father of mercies!" cries the young man,
—" the triumph's thine!—How wonderfully hath

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"thou dealt with us!—making those very crimes "which were instrumental to our mutual misfor- "tunes, instrumental in the end to our mutual con- "version!—But I talk to the dust—he is passed "away like a silent vapour!"—

This was a scene, added the PRIOR, of so singular a nature, as to merit the being recorded; and I conceived it would not be uninteresting to a man of sensibility.

About three years after the death of SAINT JULIEN, a fever seized several of our Convent, and FREDERIC was one among those to whom it proved fatal.—He seemed sensible from the moment he was taken ill, that his disorder would be mortal—he supported it, with the utmost resignation; requesting with his latest breath, to be buried with his father;—and in yonder corner, where the two white crosses are raised on the turfed hillock, one grave contains them both.—

—I can assure you, says AMELIA, that the complicated distress of your story cannot be attended to without emotion,—it is an event so extraordinary, that I much rejoice you have rescued it from the silence of a monastery, though it is only in a monastery, and only in one of *this order*, that such a circumstance could have arisen.—

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—But I agree with you, that mankind is little benefitted by that virtue, which is only known and exercised within the walls of a convent.—An avowed libertine reclaimed,—or a good Being struggling with cheerful resignation against the frowns of fortune,—are much nobler objects of *respect* and *imitation*.—

—True, Madam—and your old woman at DRAPER's worth a thousand enthusiasts.—

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THE APOLOGY.

IT is much easier to read a book, than to write one;—and should any sceptical gentleman doubt this proposition, I wish for his own satisfaction, he would make the experiment.

—A reader may, either with or without his spectacles, as he and his eyes can settle it, travel through a volume just at what rate he pleases, or stop short the instant that he finds his road unentertaining; but a poor devil of an author must go on with the utmost caution,—looking backwards, and forwards, and sideways and endways—and hath business enough on his hands, to keep every thing tight together, that his work doth not tumble to pieces.—He is in truth only the reader's pioneer, to clear all obstructions, open his views, and render his way cheerful.—

As every advantage seems to be thrown on the reader's side, I must, as an author, contend, that there are some indulgences due to us.—I do not presume to hint, that we have the privilege of taking a nap, because our reader hath; on the contrary, it is incumbent on us to keep his eyes open as long as possible, as his sleep may be death to us;—but surely, while we are busied in entertaining

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him, we may be allowed a little recreation ourselves,—and if a delicious meadow, or a tempting piece of green-sward, lies by the road-side, what literary code is there, to prohibit our taking a canter over it, though it lie out of the *straight line* of our journey!—For my own part, whenever the old horse I ride hath a mind for a frisk, either to the right, or the left, I feel that I must, and will, indulge his humour, in spite of all the cannons of criticism.—As long as it is natural, they may fire and welcome.—

—Now *straight lines* are, and ever were, my aversion;—my writing-master could never tempt me when a child, to use them;—they may serve admirable well for rulers—walking-sticks—masts—or may-poles,—but the *line of beauty* disavows them.—The FRENCH, it is true, lay out their roads by them, because their notions of liberty and property, allow them to cut through any thing,—but ours in this country, being more delicate on the subject, it is by many curves—and windings—and pleasant turnings, that we get from town to town.—In short, *straight lines* are now absolutely exploded,—they are not found to lead to the preferments of the world;—nor do hereditary virtues, or fortunes, run any longer in them!—Every road from BERWICK upon TWEED to PENZANCE, is *zig-zag*—every modern walk and plantation, *zig-zag*,—every avenue about court, *zig-zag*,—and so too are

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all our ideas;—nay, and what is much to be lamented, so are all our lives too.—And this is that which fills their reverences so much; and will, to the end of time, furnish us with new volumes of sermons.—

—However disgusting to the eye the *straight line* may appear, yet any digression from it, which, after a little curve, reverts into it; becomes a pleasing form;—and should digressions intersect the *straight line* on the other side also, the whole united, takes nearly the figure of MERCURY's *Caduceus*, which is indisputably the true *serpentine*, and the finest model to write by;—and besides, being perfectly *antique*, you had better go to bed, be who you will, than open your mouth against it.—

—Having said thus much in support of an author's privilege, and at the same time the favour of *occasional digressions*, not only in my own work, —but in any work,—or in every work,—I beseech the reader, should he chance to see me set off on a sudden, that he would not halloo after me, but that he will conclude, I am in pursuit of something for his service,—and consider that every writer knows, or should, his way home and is bound to take care of his own neck.—

—And now, COURTEOUS READER, let us set forward once more together.—If thou really hast a

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claim to the appellation I have given thee, thou art just the person I am looking for, whenever I set pen to paper:—but if, on the contrary, thou hast refined away thy power of being pleased;—if thou canst sacrifice thy feelings to rules,—and be out of humour at every little thing that may happen amiss —even let us separate the first short turning we come to; for I would not travel with thee, though thou shouldst defray my expences to the world's end.—

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THE HOY.

I WISH, from my heart, I had given it the gentleman, thought I!—as a person who sat next to me at LANGFORD's, was chaffering for a book, which he wished for, in a lot of several I had just bought,—for whilst he was pestering me about proportioning the purchase money, I inattentively missed another lot that soon followed, which was a very scarce SPANISH romance, I had long been in quest of, and had come purposely to buy; which was snapped up by a *book-fancier*, merely on account of its scarcity, for he knew not a word of the language it was wrote in.—

I am at this instant almost in the same situation; for while I have been capitulating with the reader,—or as the law would term it, settling articles of agreement with him, here is the devil and all to do in MARGATE;—half a dozen men tied up in sacks, and hopping for a pig—three jack-asses running for a CHESHIRE cheese, and a smock-race on the sands,—and all the world there,—whilst the prize, decorated with ribbands, is carried in procession on a pole, like a popish relique.—Every circumstance of life is proportionate:—the *Golden Pippin* on

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Mount IDA did not more agitate the three *Celestial* competitors, than this little object did our three *terrestial* ones here. Happy she who conquers! as the lass with a shift to her back, stands a far better chance for preferment, than she who has none.—And see the victrix has it slipped over her running dress, and marches off triumphant,—with a drum before her —and a mob at her heels!—

But this is not half the bustle; for two HOYS are just arrived from LONDON, their decks covered with new comers, and all MARGATE running down to the *Pier-head* to see them land.—I doubt whether I am stout enough to run too,—but I will be amongst them as fast as I can walk.—If I lean over this rail, I shall see them all come ashore.—

Mercy on me!—I think the whole city of LONDON is aboard of ship!—six!—eight!—ten!—twenty!—thirty!—fifty!—seventy!—I can never go on reckoning at this rate.—What!—are all the shops shut up?—

—Or have you been all *bit*, good people?—

—Or are you come here to be *bit?*—The wind has been dreadfully against you the whole way!—

—Why, as fast as the boats fill, the deck is covered again with new faces that rise out of the

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hold!—There is no end of it!—I will positively count no more.—Nay, ladies, you need not say how sick you have been,—your looks will vouch for you.—A tedious passage,—high sea,—all the pumps continually going,—and no room to stir, even to the ship's side, on necessary calls—it is monstrously inconvenient!—but it is *a party of pleasure*, and that is enough.—

Ah!—What is your Worship come down too?—and Madam?—and little Miss?—pray take care how you get up the steps.—All for the water, I suppose?—Bless me, and I see yonder your thrifty neighbour the Common-Council Man on the deck—he has made the voyage, I perceive, in his night cap, and is now pulling his wig from his great-coat pocket, in order to effect a decent landing.—

Give that fat lady, in the *Brunswick*, your arm, my lad;—dont you see how lame she is!—poor soul!—scarce a leg to stand on.—If the sea can set her up right, it must work a miracle!—

Considering the freight, and the live stock, these vessels have brought down, I am in astonishment where they could stow so many odd bundles, and bandboxes besides.—Why there is two at least to every passenger,—filled, no doubt, with all the newest-fashioned curls,—pompoons,—caps,—and apologies for caps.—We shall certainly have a ge-

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neral review of them at MITCHENER's next Ball,—and the heads they belong to—and the people who own the heads.—

But now all the world is scampering another way after two coaches and four, and three post-chaises;—butchers,—bakers—hair-dressers,—and milliners,—running in a cloud of dust at their side; and all the bathers elbowing each other, and contending for the honour of ducking the company who are in them.—

—The more the merrier, if you can but find beds to creep into.—Well,—it is a mighty pleasant thing to be on one's travels,—and nothing so fashionable,—for sick, or well, nobody stays at home,—

I am glad, however, that I have got the start of some of you, and am not just setting out on mine.

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THE RIDE.

I GROW weary of the traveller, who pesters one with every thing he sees; carrying his pen and ink, like an *exciseman*, at his button-hole, to minute down his observations on every gutter he crosses. —There is scarcely any considerable object, between SHOOTER'S HILL and MOUNT ÆTNA, which hath not been described, well, or ill, by some author or other;—a hint strong enough to determine me to describe nothing professedly,—but to travel and write in my own way, which I can demonstrate to be the very best way yet hit on, and attended with the least fatigue to those who travel with one.

—Whoever gives long, or laboured descriptions, loads his reader with a quantity of *matter of fact* which lies a dead weight on his head, as he goes on, and which many indeed have not a head to bear;—but by offering him no more than SKETCHES, his imagination (should the out-lines be judiciously taken) is complimented, and set at work; busied to fill up all the lights and shades, and give every part its true tone of colouring.—

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Wherever I turn my eye, NATURE is the great object it fixes on.—I catch all the little incidents she throws in my way,—whether they arise from her *silent scenes* that solicit our admiration; or from her *active ones* that interest our passions.—This steady attention to all her movements, renders my walks and my rides luxurious;—I contemplate with delight the simplicity of the cottager, and all the domestic occurrences of artless life—not a shell, or a sea-weed, that the wave throws on the shore; not a wild flower that illumines the corn-field, nor a butterfly that flutters across my horses head, but awakens some agreeable idea in my mind.—

LA PIERRE when he is riding with me, often interrupts me with his officious care; and conceives I am not well when I stop short on a sudden, to muse over any of these trivial circumstances.—He has so much *naïveté* and good humour, that one cannot be displeased with him; and too much of the Frenchman to comprehend what it is that engages me.—The *je ne vois rien*, which is his common reply, may come as naturally from the mouth of many of my readers, who are daily treading under foot, or passing by unnoticed, the little objects which contribute to my entertainment.—

The reason is, that their eyes are looking another way.—

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Ah! voilà mon païs! cries LA PIERRE, with an emphasis that shewed the exclamation was warm from his heart.—So I knew *which way his eyes were looking*—for I was just then riding in a most lovely evening, on that beautiful terrace that runs from the NORTH FORELAND, to BROAD-STAIRS, with the FRENCH coast stretched in full view before me.—My mind kindled with delight at the sight of the azure expanse of waters beneath me, and the many busy white sails that were cutting their way across it.—The radiance of the setting sun descending in flames of gold, gave a glow to every thing around—the inmost recesses of my breast felt its warmth.—

I wonder, says LA PIERRE, what they are doing just now at AMIENS?—

—Why undoubtedly closing such a day as this with a dance.—

—And dancing at PARIS,—and at LYONS,—and in the plains of LANGUEDOC,—and along the shore of MARSEILLE—and in the Moon too, for any thing we know to the contrary.—

Vive la joie—a cheerful heart can never be a bad one!

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—The deuce take this poor fellow's inquisitiveness, for starting up all these ideas, for now that he has got me as far as MARSEILLE, I am in the midst of all their *bastides* and *orangeries*, and all the glitter and perfume of that enchanting coast!—and I am dancing with them, under their mulberry-trees, to the tabour and pipe;—and my ear is full of their little sprightly airs,—and my mind crowded with a thousand occurrences that befel me there.—

—Well, *vive la joie encore*;—and as memory, says I, can ride post at this rate, I'll often have a peep at you, and dance with you again, and again.—

Thou art a happy, lively, sensible people!—Thy country teems with men of genius, who cultivate those arts which embellish life; and that ease of manners which sweeten society!—when nature hath placed us so near each other, I grieve we should be so frequently foes!—

A plague on the paltry interests of the world!—that the catching a little fish in another quarter of the globe, or a contest for a little dominion, in a land of savages, should arm nation again nation,—make them suspend all the graces of courtesy,—and involve such legions of wretches in the complicated miseries of war!—

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THE OLD SERVANT.

THE reflected light from the white cliffs of FRANCE, on which my eyes were fixed, made them appear to press forward on my sight; and while my imagination was taking a frisk from the STREIGHTS OF DOVER to the MEDITERRANEAN, and dropping a sigh over political necessity—I found I had thrown the reins of my horse on his neck, who had taken the advantage of my inattention, to pick up a little clover that grew by the way-side.—

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—Nay,—if it be thy will, old companion, says I, e'en take the other bite;—the farmer will be never the poorer for the mouthful thou shalt carry away;—did he know thy good qualities, he would let thee eat thy fill.—

—I will not interrupt thy pleasurable moments,—so prithee feed on.—Long have I wished an occasion to record thy deserts, thou faithful old servant!—It now presents itself,—and thou shalt have a page in my book, though it provoke the sneer of the critic.—It is thy due, for thou hast given me health.—Full many a year hast thou journeyed with me, through the uneven ways of the world!—We have tugged up many a steep hill, and borne the buffet of the tempest together!—I have had the labours of thy youth, and thy age hath a claim on me, which, while I have sixpence in my pocket, I dare not refuse.—

—Thou shalt not, when thy strength is exhausted, be consigned to poverty and toil!—or, as thou passest by my door, lashed on by some unfeeling owner, look at me with the severe eye of reproach!

Had THAT HAND, which fashioned us both, endued thy species with the faculty of speech, in what bitterness of heart would they complain of the ingratitude of ours!—

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—In the wide extent of the animal reign, there scarce exists an object from which man may not borrow some useful hint;—thou, my trusty friend, hast offered me no inconsiderable one;—thou never aimedst to appear what thou wast not;—a steady walk, or a chearful trot, was all thou attemptest—nay, perhaps it was as much as thy master himself aspired to;—and when remembrance shall be weighing thy merits, the scale shall turn in thy favour, when I reflect, that thou scornedst to desert the path of *nature* for the perilous one of *affectation!*—

—Is it not owing to this error, that so many *nags*, whom Providence had destined for the *plough*, or the *shaft*, are daily provoking a *horse-laugh* in the world, by aukwardly striving to imitate the graces of the *turf*, or the caprioles of the *manage?*

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THE STORY OF MARIANNE.

AS I devoted most of my afternoons to CLERMONT, and his family,—on calling in, this evening, I found AMELIA had sent MARIANNE to the rooms, with some young people of her acquaintance.—I have almost been compelled, says she, to force her out;—she loves retirement much more than I wish her to do—I think her spirits, though commonly very good, require sometimes the relaxation of public scenes, to divert them from the recollection of domestic events, which are every now and then painful to her.—And yet, if it is not to accompany me, it is with the utmost difficulty I can prevail on her to mix in the world.

—I believe, in general, said I, Madam, that young and ingenuous minds, whose expectations of it have been somewhat deceived, are not easily brought to be on good terms with it again:—the hope of youth is ardent, and its sensibility proportionably acute.—

—I fear, indeed, returned AMELIA, that such have been her impressions; and as she has a heart fashioned for all the virtues of society, I most earnestly wish to see them effaced:—I know she en-

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tertains the highest opinion of you, and is much flattered by the attention you have shewn her;—a few hints therefore from you, when opportunity offers, would, I am persuaded, have great weight with her;—and as we are now alone, if my brother will take up the newspaper, and suspend his party for half an hour, I will add a few particulars to the general idea I have given you before, of her situation; and she shall know from me, that you are apprized of the whole.—

—When my much-loved friend, her mother, died, she left only two children,—MARIANNE, who had then just completed her sixteenth year, and her brother EDMUND, who was three-and-twenty;—but so opposite were their characters, that no one who knew them intimately, could have supposed they sprang from the same parents.—She, all tenderness and undisguised nature;—he a compound of artifice and meanness,—guiding every action by avarice and interest, but varnishing his deportment with so much plausibility, that his hypocrisy not only deceived the world into a favourable opinion of him, but imposed on the heart of his sister, even though she sometimes doubted his conduct.

Though the father survived his lady near four years, yet her loss affected him so deeply, that his health began to decline apace.—EDMUND had so

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industriously practised on him all his assumed powers to please, and was besides on such excellent terms with himself, that he doubted not but his merits would inevitably intitle him to the whole inheritance of his father's estate;—and as a sister was a very inconsiderable object in a family, he conceived the trifling portion which would be allotted her, he might be easily able to pay off, by his profession at the bar, which began now to be profitable to him.

While EDMUND's vanity was nourishing these flattering ideas, the conduct of MARIANNE towards her father, was such as is the natural result of the truest affection and duty.—Whether his penetration ever contrasted the real characters of his two children, we know not—he appeared to testify an equal regard to both;—but in the disposition of his affairs, which was communicated to no one till his death, he acted differently from the generality of parents; who suffer their pride totally to subdue the feelings of nature, when, to aggrandize one child, they too often leave all the rest who have been equally the objects of their tenderness, either in a state of dependence, or bequeath them such a disproportionate provision, as they can but with the utmost difficulty, subsist on—a conduct, which, however it may be influenced by political views, hath ever appeared to be irreconcileable with parental tenderness.—

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On my conscience, sister, says CLERMONT (taking his eyes from the newspaper he was reading) you argue this matter admirably well!—You will have all the younger children in the nation of the same opinion!—

—Prithee, brother, do not disturb my story.—

—Do not make it longer then than the *Evening-post*,—for I must have my party at back-gammon.—

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THE STORY OF MARIANNE.

IMMEDIATELY on the father's death, resumed AMELIA—who had never even hinted to his children, the testamentary disposition he had made—EDMUND privately opened his will, and to his great astonishment, found his father had bequeathed the sum of ten thousand pounds to MARIANNE, chargeable on his estate, which was valued at about twenty-three thousand,—leaving his son the estate, together with the sum of two thousand pounds which he had in money.—

This so thoroughly disconcerted EDMUND's views, that, availing himself of a declaration dropped from his sister, that she never had heard her father mention a will; he conceived the idea of concealing this, he had found; and it was presumed in the family that there actually existed none;—but a duplicate having been deposited by the father, in the hands of a friend, who was gone to settle some affairs at LISBON, at his return three months after, understanding that his old acquaintance was deceased during his absence, he waited on the family with the counterpart that had been entrusted to his care.—

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This circumstance threw EDMUND into such a consternation, as wanted an explanation, to those who were witness of it; though the real cause was sometime after conjectured, when the other part of the will, (to which there was a reference on the cover of the duplicate) was produced by EDMUND, and pretended to be found very obscurely mixed, among some insignificant papers of his father's.

MARIANNE had too much penetration not to be startled at this accident;—it led her to suspicions not very favourable to her brother,—but it offered her a noble and unexpected independency; and gave a heart so full of sensibility as her's, the highest joy; as it was the strongest testimony of her father's having approved the duty and affection she had shewn him.—

EDMUND began now to call in aid, that hypocrisy, of which he was so much master;—he affected to veil his disappointment with great good-humour,—he paid every possible attention to his sister; and often expressed his satisfaction, at the provision his father had made for her.—At other times, when he found opportunities that were favourable, he would put on a dejected air,—lament the concern he felt to part with the family estate,—which he acquainted her he must be under the necessity of doing, from his inability to keep it up, with such a heavy charge as her fortune was, on it;

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which infinitely exceeded in proportion, the usual dispositions made to daughters,—that he had besides contracted several large debts in his father's life-time, which would overshadow all his future pursuits,—and in conclusion, that he saw no method by which he could be extricated from the many difficulties that pressed him, unless MARIANNE would, from her affection to him, relinquish part of her claim.—He added, that no one was so near to her as himself, nor did his modesty scruple to hint, that half the sum his father had bequeathed her, would command whatever a reasonable woman could require.—

MARIANNE, who knew that the exact parsimony which directed EDMUND's conduct, by no means tallied with the declaration he had made concerning his private incumbrances, often felt the awkwardness of her situation;—it startled—it embarrassed her;—and her benevolence, ever more awake than her caution, prompted her one day, when he had renewed the same subject, to say, in general terms, that a brother's happiness could not but influence her's—that the generosity of her father had been his own free act, and till the production of his will, totally unknown to her,—and that, should any event in life arise, in which she should be instrumental to his welfare, he might rest satisfied, she should retain a disposition of being so.—

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—Avarice often defeats its own designs, by pursuing them with an ill-judged ardour!—this was EDMUND's case,—who, conceiving that the kind avowal of his sister would precipitate her into his stratagem, thought it now a favourable crisis to produce a deed that he had prepared;—whereby, from motives of affection, she agreed, that in case his affairs should require it, to accept of five thousand pounds for her fortune, in lieu of the ten thousand, bequeathed her by her father;—he affected indeed to give a plausible colour to the proposal, by saying, that it rested on events very remote—that most probably he never should stand in need of it,—but only wished the deed should remain as *a mark of love* between them.—

MARIANNE instantly saw through the design, and turned pale at the idea of its baseness;—she concealed however, in some measure, her indignation; and with as much composure as she could summon, told EDMUND, that his proposal was beyond her power to gratify;—and though you dignify it, says she, with the appellation of *a mark of love*, yet believe me, brother, it is not only unworthy of you, but unworthy of me—it betrays a total diffidence in my honour, by endeavouring to fetter, with the obligations of law, any act of affection which ought only to be the result of inclination,—nor should *compulsion* ever effect that in my heart, which *choice* could not decide.—

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EDMUND endeavoured to explain away the ill appearance of his design, by wishing her to think, it was only in consequence of the good intentions which she had testified towards him;—and MARIANNE retiring, left him in full possession of those feelings, which arise from the miscarriage and detection of a dishonourable action.—

As my young friend had been trained up by her deceased mother, to look on me with the most affectionate regard, she had accustomed herself on every occasion, to open her heart to me without reserve.—I perceived how much it was distressed by her brother's conduct; and having immediately on her father's death, invited her to the protection of my roof, I now saw many reasons to insist on her accepting it without delay;—which she accordingly soon did,—preserving at the same time, all those appearances, which we both of us wished should still be maintained.

—I will not dwell longer on a character which can only afford pain to a man of your turn of mind; let me only add, that EDMUND had free access to my house whenever he pleased, and continued to be received, if not with confidence, yet always with attention;—till an event arose, which of necessity precluded him from any future intercourse with us.

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—MARIANNE's father had testified a particular regard to a young man of good family, of the name of STERLING, with some of whose relations, he had been much connected; he had also sufficient interest to introduce him so fortunately into the service of the EAST INDIA *Company*, that by his abilities and good conduct, he was appointed to the command of a ship, at a much earlier period than young men in general attain such promotion; and had, by the time her father died, made one voyage as captain, with great credit and advantage to himself, and was on his return from his second.—

The grateful sense he ever retained of her father's services, made Captain STERLING, when at home, a frequent visitor at the house; and it was about seven months before he returned from his second voyage, that he lost his friend and benefactor.—As his family and mine, had also enjoyed a long intimacy, he was accustomed to call on me often; but I found his visits now were more than usually repeated; and soon perceived there was a person under my roof, that attracted him more strongly than myself;—I thought also, that the attachment was apparently reciprocal on the part of my young friend,—and I saw it with infinite pleasure—as I sincerely wished an union, which on both sides bid so fair for happiness.

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Captain STERLING was about nine years older than MARIANNE; his figure was pleasing and manly,—he possessed great delicacy of sentiment,—and was one who governed his life by the principles of the nicest honour;—he was as much enamoured of her mind, as of her person,—and his love was possibly heightened by the idea of her being the daughter of a friend, whose kind offices he ever recollected with the warmest gratitude.—

Her affection was founded on a basis equally firm:—She had known him long;—she respected the amiableness of his character,—admired his cheerful, open temper,—and regarded him as a protector and companion, with whom she could, hand in hand, securely tread the paths of future life.—It was a contract, uncontaminated on either side by interest;—and as their wills depended on themselves, they had nothing but their own hearts to consult.—

—There was only one obstacle, which prevented the immediate completion of their wishes;—The reputation that Captain STERLING had acquired among the *Directors* had procured him soon after his return, a nomination to go out to MADRAS and CHINA, which is generally regarded as the most lucrative station to be named to,—and he was appointed to command the INGOT, esteemed the finest ship in the *Company's* service.—As this was to be his last voyage, and that which would com-

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pleat his fortune, there were many reasons to induce them to defer their intended marriage till his return, which would not exceed eighteen, or twenty months, and which is now in a few weeks expected.—

—I hope, sister, says CLERMONT, turning round that you will soon release my friend, from the corner, where you have penned him up—I am got within sight of the *worm cakes* and the *anodyne necklace*—but, however finish your story.—

—As this intended union, continued AMELIA, wore so fair a face to those who most wished its completion, though it disconcerted the secret hopes which EDMUND still entertained of getting part of his sister's fortune, yet it precluded him from shewing any disapprobation of it;—he affected to be greatly pleased,—and to the few, who knew him as well as I did, he even made himself ridiculous by his overacted satisfaction,—though all this was put on but the better to conceal his designs, which were as ill concerted as they were base.

—There is evermore, Madam, said I, a strange degree of weakness, which accompanies the actions of bad men; and it often seems, by this unguarded part of their conduct, that Providence makes them the instruments of their own detection!—

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Your remark, replied AMELIA, was fully justified in EDMUND, who, some time after Captain STERLING'S departure, began to speak of him in cooler terms than he was wont; frequently throwing out in conversation with his sister,—that the dispositions of gentlemen trained to the sea, partook much of the unsteadiness of the element they sail over;—that they were in reality as little to be relied on, being fond of forming attachments in every port;—and after thus gradually awakening her mind to distrust, intimated, under the sanction of confidence, that he had reason to believe there was one already subsisting between her admirer, and a Miss DANVERS, whom the Captain had taken out with him to MADRAS;—that however unpleasant the task was, his own fraternal affection prompted him to hint thus much; and to add, that the constancy of his own sex could not be much boasted of; and that the woman who built her happiness on the fidelity of a husband, knew not to how slight a hold she trusted her peace.—

This was probably just the point his artifice led to,—his aim being first to raise doubts of her lover, the transition from which, to coolness, would by no means be unnatural,—and if her present engagement could be diverted, it was possible, that disappointment might make her cautious of forming a second.—At all events, it was a chance in his favour;—and I was much surprised when she com-

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municated to me what had passed, to perceive that EDMUND had by his address so practised on her mind, as to have greatly staggered her in her opinion of STERLING.—The supposed indignity disturbed her;—and the goodness of her own heart, left her too unguarded against the duplicity of her brother.

I represented to MARIANNE, that the warmth of her affection must have betrayed her into this ill-founded alarm, and made her inattentive to the channel through which it was communicated;—that as to Miss DANVERS, I knew enough of her, totally to discredit the illiberal scandal,—that she had a first cousin at MADRAS, who, having acquired a considerable fortune, had solicited her, and her mother (who were his nearest relations) to come over, and settle near him,—that the mother was ever esteemed a sensible, discreet lady,—and as this appeared to me to be a most injurious aspersion, I assured her, that I would, for our mutual satisfaction, endeavour to trace it to its source.

—There being a ship on the point of sailing, which was destined immediately to MADRAS, there was a chance of its reaching that place nearly as soon as the INGOT; whose voyage thither, must have been retarded by her stay at the island of MADEIRA.—I wrote therefore, to Captain STERLING; and in the most delicate manner I could, told him

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the insinuations that had been poured into MARIANNE's ears;—that the high opinion we both entertained of his honour, forbade us to give credit to them;—but that I judged it proper to apprize him of the aspersion, that he might make my friend, who was the most interested about it, perfectly easy.

My letter reached him at MADRAS; and fortunately came to hand just as an express was about setting out, to come over-land to the *Company*,—by which he answered me in those ingenuous terms, which ever characterize innocence.—He told me, that the insinuations I alluded to, were so unjust, that he had forbore communicating them to Miss DANVERS, whom he had conducted in safety to her cousin, who had made him the most generous acknowledgments;—that he doubted not but that this malicious artifice, originated from some one, who wished to sow dissention between him, and the object of his happiness;—in confirmation of which, he enclosed me a letter, under the signature of *A True Friend*, which had reached him just as he was sailing from MADEIRA,—reflecting on MARIANNE, as being fond of every new admirer; and counselling him not to preserve his heart for a woman, whose vanity sought for conquest over many.—But I have written, added he, to assure her, that my reliance on her affection remains the same;—and that this work of some malevolent

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spirit, would, I trust, as little influence her's—as love can only live where confidence reigns; and it were impossible that confidence and jealousy could exist together.—

—Shocking as the idea was, MARIANNE and myself, after duly weighing every circumstance, had now no doubt, but that this intended mischief was the last unhappy stratagem of EDMUND; nor did we long wait an opportunity, to tax him as the author of a design, which struck at the peace of so many hearts.

—However the practice of well-studied hypocrisy may enable a man to look a falshood to the world, yet events unprepared for, may, by their suddenness, often surprise him into conviction!—there is a language of nature impressed on the human countenance, far more powerful than words!—and when I produced him the anonymous letter sent to MADEIRA, his features all bore witness against a tongue, that faltered in his own defence;—he trembled—he changed colour, the blood which before was wont to animate his cheek, flew instantly to his heart, and his heart, ashamed of it, dashed it back into his face.—His confused justification but strengthened the proof—and he stood before us, a pitiable example to how abject a situation a man may degrade himself, whose mind is contaminated by baseness and dishonour.—

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It was a scene too painful to all, to be prolonged; I therefore immediately closed it, and leading MARIANNE out of the room, told him, that as he had so effectually torn asunder every tie of affection he might have claimed in a sister's heart, I now judged it necessary, not only for her happiness, but for her safety, that he should have no future intercourse with her;—and I was compelled to add, that as long as she regarded me as her protectress, my own roof would allow him none.—

Her fortune was soon after demanded and paid, through my solicitor, without any interview of the parties—and if a ship, that is gone out to INDIA, hath met with the INGOT at the CAPE, as it was expected she would, Captain STERLING, who was no stranger to some of the circumstances I have related, hath before this time been fully informed of all that hath passed since.—

—'Tis rarely now, that the name of EDMUND is mentioned; but I fear past events still sometimes come across her mind.—His conduct hath long extinguished the emotions of affection—yet her sensibility makes her feel for his lost honour.—

—The picture, Madam, said I, which you have drawn, presents a character totally unworthy of disquieting the thoughts of your amiable friend—I wish I could have sufficient influence to efface the

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recollection of it.—Her sentiments, however, do credit to her humanity—but it is in vain that we are solicitous for the honour of those, who have not virtue enough themselves to be the guardians of their own reputation!—

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PLAIN TRUTH.

I HOLD it expedient for our happiness, says CLERMONT (throwing the newspaper from his hand) that we should fix our eyes, as we journey forward, on such characters as spread a sun-shine over human life, and not on those dark ones that throw a gloom over it,—We had better, I think, sister, consign the hero of your story to oblivion,—or to the unenviable society of some of the *dramatis personæ*, who have furnished paragraphs in the paper I have been reading.—

" —*A married gentleman, with a large fa-*
" *mily, gone off to France with his young*
" *ward.*"—

— " *Two capital forgeries in the city.*"—

—" *Three divorces litigating in Doctors Com-*
" *mons.*"—

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" *And an elderly lady of fashion found in bed* " *with her postilion.*"—

Scandal enough in conscience for one *Evening-post!*

— I would not willingly, continued CLERMONT, believe the world to be one jot less virtuous, than it was thirty years ago,—but I am confident people formerly took greater pains to conceal their vices; and had at least the merit of standing more in awe of public censure, which, by what I learn since my return to ENGLAND, hath now far less influence over their actions.—

Your observation, brother, replied AMELIA, is but too just,—the indifference shewn to it, and the countenance given to those, who have violated the decorums of society, must undoubtedly more forcibly strike you, who have been so many years absent, than it does us, who may have remarked the progress of this evil.—The lady who helped the news-writer to the last paragraph, will not probably at her next rout, have one card-table the less on the *postilion's account*;—nay, what will startle you more,—those who censure her most, will be of her party;—great dinners—great assemblies—or that happy innovation, a *Sunday's night's concert*—though given by people whose conduct

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every one condemns—will draw together many, who one should think would blush to be seen at them;—and I much fear, that the fashionable carelessness which is shewn in matters of this nature, while it reflects but little credit on the present age, may, by its example, be severely felt in that which is to succeed it.—

Faith, Madam, resumed CLERMONT, with some warmth, in my opinion, the *countenancing* those who are capable of ill actions, is but one remove from *committing* them;—society is equally insulted.—I cannot, however, compliment you on the *refinement* of your manners, which seem more calculated to take off *every restraint*, than to awaken *any emulation*;—the next generation will owe you nothing for it.—If meritorious characters are, without discrimination, levelled with such, as have deviated from the paths of honour, in God's name *what becomes of virtue?*—

—That, returned AMELIA, is but too often left to be *its own reward*,—and I trust, it will never want arguments to maintain its own consequence, whilst the *reward* it offers, is that *sense of conscious rectitude*, which the mind of man, however buoyed up by flattery and fashion, can never long dispense with the want of.—

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—As it is much easier to find fault with the world, than to mend it, I put an end to the conversation, by ordering the backgammon-table into the room ;—though I thought that my friend's ideas on the subject, were replete with *good sense* and *plain truth*.

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THE BALL-ROOM.

WHAT the deuce had I in my thoughts, when I popped my head into the ball-room?—I, who have so many things more essential to dance after than a fiddle?—But I hate to pass a door, where every one is carrying their best spirits—besides, all the world was at MITCHENER's,—so, paying my half crown, I took a sweat, on one of the snug, superannuated benches.—

—Now of all the chapters I have ever wrote,—or ever shall write,—either in the present,—or in any other work,—this is that which must be handled with the greatest nicety.—Some good angel guide my pen!—for a drop of ink too much, may blot out the interest I wish to maintain in my reader's affection.—

—— I am well aware, that this is the chapter which will be the most looked into,—be the most thumbed,—and after all, be that which will please the least, in the whole book.—Even while I am this moment musing over it, my fancy antici-

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pates the great demands that will be made for it, at the *circulating library*.—I hear Mr. HALL, in the most obliging manner, assert, that *it is out*.—"But it is the *second volume** I am *dying* for,—and my cousin Peggy will be quite *distracted*, if she cannot have it this evening."—

If you will believe me, Madam, returns Mr. HALL (with the most feeling concern for the sad events of *Death* and *Distraction* predicted to arise from this disappointment) I have no less than six sets, and not one of either of the volumes at home. —Lady FANNY in the ROPE-WALK, has been down twice herself after the *second*,—and two ladies on the PARADE, are, I fear, affronted at sending so often, without obtaining it:—In the mean time, Madam, I have the TOYSHOP at your service, or I can send you home now, THE DELICATE EMBARRASSMENT.—

—I wish from my heart, that this eager curiosity after the present chapter, be not somewhat stimulated by a little tincture, compounded of a small portion of self-sufficiency and ill-nature,—which, however unwilling we are to own it, I fear most of us carry about; and which prompts us but too often, to divert ourselves at another's expence.—

— I am confident, that many will expect to see here a collection of portraits drawn from real life—

* This work was first published in 2 volumes, small 8vo.

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to find some a wkward minuet recorded,—or some mistaken graces they may themselves have recollected, and condemned. — But whoever thou art, who turnest over this page, if such be thy expectations, thou knowest but little of his disposition who now is writing it—My pen may stigmatize vice and folly;—it may blame *the sacrifice* — but never shall mark *the votary*.—

—Was not I ingenuous enough to tell you beforehand, that this chapter would prove but an unsatisfactory one?—It could not be otherwise.—The subject was in truth totally out of my way.—

—Be so good, Madam, as to read the title of my book—

SKETCHES

FROM

NATURE.

—Who could ever dream of making any in a ball-room?—

—And so my dear creatures you may all dance on, just as you did before.—

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THE BALL-ROOM.

HAVING, in the last page, made a genteel bow to all maiden aunts,—gossipping dowagers,—and to the unnecessarily inquisitive of both sexes,—I will, with my reader's indulgence, offer an observation or two, that has frequently occurred to me in a ball-room.

—I am fond of every amusement that brings people together in cheerfulness and good-humour. —Dancing is unquestionably one of the number; —it is enlivening, though from different motives, both to youth, and age:—it gives a certain air and deportment to the person who is well grounded in the art; and sets off the young, and the elegant, with great advantage to each other.—I was myself once a pupil of the famous MARCEL at PARIS, though no one who now views my curved and ungain figure, would suppose it.—My spirits however, are to this moment always in the dance;—and my long legs have still such a propensity to be moved by the sound of a fiddle, that in the corner where I was stationed last night, they would willingly have kept pace with the tune, had not I perceived that

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my knees were beating time, against a certain part of a very fat lady before me, which lapped six inches over them, and which (had there been a possibility) I should have truly rejoiced she had left at home.—

—I wish, by the by, that in theatres, and other places of public resort, where the proprietors are interested to place the benches, much closer together than suits the ease of the spectator, *a master of the ceremonies* was appointed; who, as people seated themselves, should take their altitudes, projections, and circumferences, and dispose them in such a manner, that they might have nothing to complain of, before, or behind.—

—But to return to the dance.—

I must own I am rather sorry to observe, that the COTILLON begins to be introduced into our balls.—How far more experience in those dances, may improve us in them, I know not; but I have scarcely as yet, seen the figure gone through without interruption.—Besides, we seem to want that festivity, and that *enjouëment*, which hath made me view them with so much pleasure in FRANCE.—Whoever has attended to them, even in the BOIS DE BOULOGNE, *au* SAINT ESPRIT, or at any of the *guinguettes* about PARIS, must have remarked,

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that *the soul* dances *with the body*, and every feature of the face tell you it does.—

Another objection to their coming into public use here, is, that they occupy a very large space in a room, and employ but very few; so that in a crowded assembly, the far greater number must be merely spectators, and the few who dance, become extremely distinguished;—whilst the whimsical steps, and high capers, which are practised in our ENGLISH COTILLON, furnish more of a *spectacle*, than many ladies may choose to contribute to.—

—Our own COUNTRY DANCES have the peculiar advantage of admitting a very large number to join in them.—I have seen them practised and admired, in most parts of EUROPE; and they are in my idea, infinitely better calculated to display, that elegant ease of motion, which has been so properly termed *swimming in the dance*; and which would inevitably be lost, should we apply to them the theatrical steps, which the professors of the COTILLON now teach.

—As dancing is an act of hilarity, I think in general, that we appear to make too *serious* a business of it.—The exercise gives an impulse to circulation. —We may also allow something to the animation of music,—and far more to the animation of sentiment, naturally excited by being engaged in so

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pleasing a familiarity, with the sex we most wish to appear favourably to;—and yet, in almost every ball-room, how many couple do we see *journeying* down a dance, with such *serious* countenances, as if they were rather toiling through a pennance imposed them, than engaged in a voluntary amusement!—

—It is certainly being undesirably philosophical, to feel pleasure, without expressing it.—

—Nothing is more calculated than the MINUET, to shew an elegant figure to advantage;—it is the art of moving with grace and ease,—but to dance in that degree of taste, as to command admiration, requires early instruction, good judgment, and a nice ear, superadded to many personal endowments. —As greatly to excel therefore, in this accomplishment, can happen but to few, a moderate knowledge of it may be dispensed with, and attended to;—but it would be far better declined by the many, who attempt it without any of the requisites.

—Acts, which are the *efforts of grace*, ought to be *gracefully* performed!—And as there is some path, or other, in which every one may walk with propriety and success, it is a sad mistake, when we place ourselves, unnecessarily, in such conspicuous situations, as we are totally unsuited to appear in.

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When discord agitate the assembly of the Gods, and their wrangles had made a bear-garden of OLYMPUS, HOMER makes VULCAN take up the goblet of Nectar, and hand it about among them, that they might drink themselves into better humour.

—Now VULCAN was altogether one of the best of the whole crew;—he was honest,—he was industrious,—he was a peace-maker,—and added to all—he was a husband for any age, or any country;—for he could amuse himself with forging a nail, or a horse-shoe, whilst his wife was cuckolding him in heaven, and on earth.—

—It was an absurdity in VULCAN, who was *naturally* very awkward,—and *accidentally* very lame,—to affect an office which demanded the grace of a GANYMEDE;—the consequence was,—that he diverted the attention of every deity present, from their own concerns, and forced a good-humoured laugh from the whole assembly.—

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THE INDIAMEN.

LA PIERRE hath so much vivacity, blended with so much natural courtesy,—and possesses besides so strong a disposition to thrust himself into every place where intelligence is to be procured, that nothing is stirring from one end of MARGATE to the other, that doth not come to his knowledge. He is never without a *bouquet* in his bosom, which he presents to the first *fille de chambre* of his acquaintance that he meets;—his great pride is to be admitted to their tea-tables; and his easy, happy spirits, make him perfectly at home, wherever he goes.—

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—The poor fellow could hardly make my coffee at breakfast, without burning his fingers, from his impatience to tell me, that he had been down on the *Pier* to see two INDIAMEN, which were lying off the town, and had come to an anchor the preceding evening—pulling, at the same time, from his jacket-pocket, a squeezed-up silk handkerchief, to shew me, which he had bought from some one who had been aboard.

—Pray have you inquired, said I, whether——

O oui, Monsieur, vous voulez dire—

What! would you answer my question before you know it?—

—No, Sir; but I supposed you was going to ask, if either of these was the INGOT—so I ran down to the circulating library, to get their names, —and *Monsieur* HALL tells me, that the INGOT is expected to be in the DOWNS in less than three weeks,—being sailed for IRELAND to do her business there,—or the Captain's business,—or somebody's business,—*apparemment pour faire ses affaires.*

—If *Monsieur* should not ride out this morning, there are two or three servants, who live with the FRENCH family in the ROPE-WALK, who have got

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leave to go aboard, and would take me with them in their boat.—I never was in a large ship; and besides, I should like to buy two or three fans to give to Madam AMELIA's maids, who are always so polite to me.—

—Thou art heartily welcome to make one of the party, said I, and take thy own time.—I see, LA PIERRE, thou wilt never be worth a piece of *Trente sous*, while there is a bawble to be purchased, or a petticoat to present it to. After this permission, he would not have stayed to get his breakfast, though he had been sure of eating nothing for the next twenty-four hours.

—No circumstance makes the towns on the coast of KENT more alive, than the coming in of the INDIAMEN—all is then in motion.—I took a walk on the cliffs on purpose to enjoy the bustle of the scene; the sea looked uncommonly gay,—the ships riding at anchor, with their colours flying,—boats busied in carrying them fresh provisions from the shore,—so many little vessels plying about them, and those of the custom-house, lying beside them, as guards,—while parties of company from MARGATE, and others, who come down from LONDON to meet their friends on board, covered the fine blue surface with a multitude of little sails.—

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—A ship that hath traversed the globe, and cut her passage through a world of waters, that, after sustaining a variety of climates, and all the conflicts of opposing elements, arrives at last at her destined port, hath ever appeared to me as an object which conveys an infinite pleasure to the mind! —I cannot but reflect, that every Being she brings back, standing in one or other of the relations of husband, parent, son, or friend,—hath many hearts that anxiously beat for his return,—many eyes that wait with eagerness to catch the first look,—and ears that impatiently long to know, how the sad interval of absence hath passed away!—When the imagination multiplies this, by the number that forms the complement of a large ship, it views all the tenderest affections of the soul, set afloat by her safe arrival!—

—Whilst benevolence contemplates such a visionary scene, the vicissitudes of life induce our humanity to offer up a silent wish,—that no tale of woe may remain to be unfolded, whose distress shall overcloud the sun-shine, or blast the happy expectations that hope hath cherished!—

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THE FORT.

I KNOW not how it hath come about, that I have led my reader through one volume, and almost half through a second, without ever once conducting him up to the FORT;—where, if he is a lover of NATURE, he will be charmed,—and if he is not, I fear I shall have but little interest with him, either on the FORT, or elsewhere, who have vowed myself to her service, and devoted all my attention to this glorious mistress.—It is from a shabby bench placed on this summit, that I frequently muse over the noble prospect that is spread beneath.—Before me, the eye is lost in sea, and air,—but extending sideways, takes in the winding cliffs from the NORTH FORELAND to the Isle of SHEPEY, with all the interspersed villages to the left, that enrich the coast,—terminated by the church of the TWO SISTERS—whose double spires not only embellish the scene, but rise up a faithful guide to the mariner.

—As I returned along the northern cliff from my walk, intending to make my accustomed halt at the FORT, I perceived my bench was possessed by a lady, and whom I found on a nearer approach, to be the amiable MARIANNE.—I knew she could not but be

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an interested spectator of the scene before her; which must, in idea, anticipate the return of one, on whom her future happiness so much depended. —She was dressed simply elegant; and wore, in compliment to her absent lover who had presented her with it, a beautiful chintz negligee, tied up with green ribband, and a hat decorated with ribband of the same colour.—As I sat down by her, she assumed a smile, though there was a pensiveness on her brow; yet at the same time, there appeared so much sense and character in her countenance, as could not but interest whoever approached her.—I complimented her on the arrival of the ships, that were then lying full in our view, and on the welcome news they had brought, of the Indor's being so near home.—I meet it indeed, she replied, as a circumstance of real joy;—nor ought I to sigh, if the path of life I have trodden hath been uneven, provided it leads to happiness at last.

And what better termination, said I, can the smoothest conduct us to?—It is no unpleasing idea, which some have entertained, that every one hath a *guardian spirit* hovering near, whose friendly office it is, to give us safe convoy through all the difficulties which lie across our way, and to support us under the severest trials.—Why may we not conceive this imaginary existence to be Hope?—We cannot, I am sure, trust to a safer guide, nor

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wish, in the hours of adverse fortune, to be led forward by the hand of a more cheering companion.—

But prithee, my gentle lady, what thorn hath been rankling in thy poor little bosom?—Thou hast hit, perhaps, upon some melancholy page of life, and turned down the leaf to ruminate on it—Who meets not with it?—It is for the perusal of all the sons and daughters of man;—nor is it in the end, unprofitable reading—since it shews ambition its vanity,—pride its meanness,—wealth its emptiness, —and learning its insufficiency; and by levelling all ranks of mortals, annihilates the paltry distinctions of the world!—

O Sir! returned MARIANNE, (fetching a sigh) O Sir, I have a brother!—

—Who is, replied I, unworthy your regard.—

—One, whose disposition—

—Was never allied to your virtues.—

—His heart, indeed, I fear—

—Is contaminated by every passion that can most debase it.—

—There only remains for me—

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—To wipe him from your memory, and leave him to the bitterest of all reproaches—his own—

—I dare believe I am an echo to your thoughts;—but, my dear, good girl, AMELIA hath opened to me your whole situation, and the painful trials your sensibility hath sustained.—I have a tear to give every child of sorrow;—and I trust, the fountain which supplies it, will never be dry!—but I would now rather personate your *guardian spirit;* and, turning our backs on difficulties surmounted, look forward with you to objects that wear a happier face.—It is not a few bad characters we may chance to meet with, that should put us out of humour with the world. It is for our peace to recollect, that the GREAT DIRECTOR of this immense work of creation, is continually raising up others, who have breasts that glow with virtuous sentiments, where congenial hearts may securely repose.—

Believe me, MARIANNE, it hath only been by viewing events on the favourable side, that I have myself borne so well the buffets of fortune.—For I have also, among my own family pictures, some abominable *originals*,—and such terrible, *strong likenesses* too, that out of humanity, I keep a curtain over them.—

—I verily think, in the disposition I then was,

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that to divert her ideas, I should have pulled it a little aside, to have given her a peep at one, or two of them,—had we not been interrupted by three or four ladies of our acquaintance, who were come up with their glasses in their hads, to take a view of the new-arrived INDIAMAN, and immediately joined us at our bench.—I believe MARIANNE wished them, just at this time, any where else;—but they saved me the pain of uncovering a single portrait, and fully answered the same purpose:—For among the many advantages that attend perfect good-breeding, there is one, that hath never been enumerated, though far from being the least;—and that is, the relief which the mind, when under any depression, receives upon the sudden intrusion of company, by finding itself compelled to bestow on another, that attention, which would otherwise be rivetted to its own situation.—

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THE LITTLE SMUGGLERS.

DIDO, foundress and queen of CARTHAGE, is the first woman of antiquity, who is recorded for *driving a good bargain*.—The JEWS and MONEY-JOBBERS, have the highest veneration for her memory;—and I am informed, that *she*, and her *bull's hide*, is a favourite toast among all those people,—not only within the purlieus of DUKE'S PLACE, but in the neighbourhood of every *synagogue* in EUROPE.—

—There are two ways of measuring any thing, as the widow of SICHÆUS well knew; and as every shop-keeper who retails commodities perfectly understands,—and the possessor of this knowledge, must ever have the balance of trade in his favour.

—Whoever is to open a considerable commerce with the world, it will be much more worth to him than the whole round of sciences, not only to know to an inch his own measure, and how far he could on a pinch stretch it,—but also to be

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fully acquainted with the measure his neighbour goes by;—for by thus skilfully calculating the longitude,—latitude,—altitude,—and rectitude, of the parties he has to deal with, he will be enabled equally to guard against the fallacy of a minister, or the imposition of his taylor.

With respect to the world, LA PIERRE was a mere infant,—ever pleased with its coral, and its bells,—but without a tooth to injure any one!—The simplicity of his character, made him daily meet with some fancied distress, which, to another, who was more hackneyed in the ways of mankind, would only have passed among the common occurrences of life;—though, to say truth, nothing sat long on his mind; a deep sigh or two blew off the load, and a whistle, or a song, which soon followed, obliterated every trace of its weight.—It chanced, however, that I got to my lodgings soon after his return from the INDIAMEN, and before either the sigh, or the tune was come to his aid, or had effaced the first impression of his present grievance; which was sufficiently apparent in LA PIERRE's countenance, that was at all times an index to his bosom, and like a well-printed shop-bill, notified every concern his heart had to dispose of.—The morning which had promised so much satisfaction, had been over-clouded with circumstances, both unlooked for and unpleasant.—As the poor fellows pride was to be as smart as possible, whenever any females were to be of his party; in gal-

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fanting one of them into the boat, at the Parade stairs, he unfortunately slipt almost up to his knees in the muddy water, and quite disfigured his white silk stockings.—This was an event which might have disconcerted a better FRENCH philosopher than LA PIERRE, and was but a prologue to worse disasters;—for a fresh breeze springing up, when they had got about a mile from the shore, the tossing of the waves so disturbed his empty stomach, as to make him wretchedly sick, till he got aboard the INDIAMAN;—the civility of every one there, made him soon forget what he had suffered;—he purchased the little trifles he wished;—and would have returned to shore perfectly sick, and happy again, had not some custom-house officers hailed the boat and stripped from him and his party, the poor sixpenny cargoes they had been so far to fetch;—nor was this all—for they took away besides the new INDIA *silk handkerchief* he had bought in the morning and which, in his hurry to set off, he had forgot to put out of his pocket.—

Quels miserables! cries LA PIERRE—*quels barbares!*—

—That, says I,—and sending them to the devil in good FRENCH, is all you have for it.—

—Why what do you think, Sir, added he, the king can get by his duty on a couple of INDIA Fans, that his people are so watchful for his interest?

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That is a question, returned I, that might have puzzled the calculations of your countryman, DE MOIVRE,—but considering the number of hands it rubs against, before it reaches the *Exchequer*, I should conceive his net profit could not exceed the four hundredth and seventy-third part of one of your *liards*.—I am an avowed enemy to all counterband dealings,—as well as to all the little dirty insolence of office—but if you had not been a novice in these matters, you might have obtained an easier solution to your question, by offering a *restitution fee*, and so purchasing your fans a second time.—

Mon Dieu! exclaims LA PIERRE, what offer *a bribe*, Sir, to a king's servant?—

Ah! pour cela, oui, or to a king's mistress,—or to a king's any thing—only give it a different name.—Modern language hath made it *palatable* to all ranks, under the idea of *acknowledgement*, or *attention*;—as the disgustful ingredients of an apothecary's vial, are swallowed without reluctance, when the label denotes it to be a *cordial mixture*.—

Now as this *cordial mixture* must, like all other cordials, be administered for various purposes,—as also to various constitutions,—and be so tempered as to act either as a *stimulator*, or *soporific*, as occasion may require,—it is expedient, that it be al-

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ways judiciously applied; and, when well adapted to the stomach that is to receive it, can very rarely fail of insuring success.—

—No one better understood how to manage *a bribe* artfully, or to tamper with the passions, than the *Abbè* FRONTIN.—He was, perhaps, too much addicted to pleasure, and intrigue, but had much wit, and infinite good-humour;—he possessed a presence of mind, equal to an emergency; and was so happy in his address, as to be almost irresistible.—

—By the by, I have never gone into the church of SAINT SULPICE at PARIS, without lamenting, that he should lie there without having even a stone of two feet square to record his memory, who had talents so superior to the herd of *Abbès*, who litter the BOULEVARDS and the THUILLERIES, and have nothing but their black cloaks to distinguish them.—

—*Madame de* CHATEAUROUGE was arrived at that period of life, when ladies in FRANCE turn *dévotes*, and confine all their favours within the pale of the church,—SAINTE THERESE observes, in some of her visionary compositions, that women must occasionally *transplant* their affections;—and thus it is, that FRENCH *saints* usually take the leavings of FRENCH *sinners*—

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This lady had taken a pretty long time to settle her conscience;—and there remained some points of reform yet unadjusted, when she called in to her assistance the *Abbè* FRONTIN, who very soon became her intimate attendant, accompanied her frequently to mass, was constantly of all her parties, read to her in her closet, and aired with her in the BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

It chanced one summer's afternoon, that *Madame de* CHATEAUROUGE, after her coffee, had retired into an apartment which looked into the garden, to enjoy the fresh air, and the fragrance of a little orangery, that was disposed in a semicircle before the windows, which were thrown open. As the sun still shot obliquely into the room, the green lustring curtains were dropped, to give a more pleasing tone of light.—The *Abbè* was seated by her on a sopha; and, at her request, was entertaining her with a new piece of CREBELLON, called *Les egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit*, which had just then appeared, and had much excited the curiosity of the public.—

—I leave it to those who are fond of investigating causes and effects, to find out how it came to pass that *Madame de* CHATEAUROUGE, as the *Abbè* proceeded in the work, with emphasis, and spirit, had insensibly reclined her head on his shoulder, whilst the *Abbè*, holding the book in his right hand, had inadvertently dropped his left arm, across

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her lap.—The censorious, may misinterpret the position they sat in—the candid, attribute it to accident, or the weather—and people of a sentimental turn, may ascribe it merely to the having their attention absorbed in the novel, and to the ingenuity of the writer in thus interesting the passions.—It is my province only to say the fact was as related; and a little gust of air on a sudden swelling the curtains, the leads on its cessation falling against the wainscot, gave three or four repeated raps,—which being heard by GRISON, the old *maître d'Hôtel*, who was settling the house-book in the next room, and who, mistaking these raps for a method, which his lady (who was a little lame and unweildy) sometimes used, to summon him with her crutched stick, when she sat at a distance from the bell, gently opened the door, and conceiving immediately, by one glance, that he could not be wanted,—instantly shut it again as gently,—and sat himself down very composedly, to his accounts,—for he had lived long enough in the family to have the sagacity of knowing, when he ought to see—and when not.—

The *Abbè*, who had just caught a glimpse of the *maître d'hôtel* as he peeped in, thought it adviseable to secure his interest;—and as soon as the story was at a full stop, laid down his book, and walked into the adjoining room where GRISON was,—who hearing somebody step towards the door, threw

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himself against the back of the chair, and reclining his head on his hand, with his elbow on the table, pretended to be sound asleep.

The *Abbè*, who, as I hinted before, was never on any occasion in the smallest degree embarrassed, knew, by appearances, that he was sure of his man; and gently laying a *Louis d'or* on each of his eyelids, said, with a tone of pleasantry, "there are "none who see so little as those whose eyes are "*well closed.*"—

—"True, Sir," replied GRISON,—and if you "will slip another between my lips, you will be "certain to make me *dumb*, as well as *blind.*"—

—This fellow would have made an admirable Revenue officer,—

—In any place where *no duty* was expected.

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NATURE.

WHOEVER hath passed any length of time at these places of public resort, by the sea-side, must have remarked that there is constantly a flux and reflux of the company who frequent them; and that the shores have their revolutions and changes, as well as the element that flows along their sides.—I often, as I pace up and down the PARADE, miss faces I have been accustomed to meet in my daily walks, and am stared at by others that are totally new to me—nor is it a small pleasure to me, who am looking after NATURE at every step, to observe features tinged with the hue of returning health, which a few weeks before I had seen overcast with languor; and limbs beginning to move with free-

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dom, which were lately contracted by pain and disease.—

As I have before convinced my readers of the benefit of *smelling the sea-mud*, so these occurrences convince me of the benefit of using sea-water.—As an added proof of its efficacy, I popped yesterday on the *fat lady* in the *Brunswick*, whom I before mentioned as being so lame and unweildy, and whom I had given over as incurable, when she was helped down the side of the Hoy.—I was perfectly amazed to see the briskness of her air, and her round, laughing countenance, half buried in a FRENCH night-cap;—and though she still retains a considerable hitch in her gait; yet she walked with no other aid than a lady's arm, on which she reclined, and one of Mr. HALL's *pastoral twined crooks*, which no female of any taste can appear without.—Even my own lean carcase, though I neither intentionally *smell the mud*, nor ever come in contact with the water, is both strengthened and plumped up by the sea-air,—and my weak constitution, which has, for two volumes, been so great a plague to the reader, and for many a year, a far greater one to me, is from the same cause so much strengthened, that I have but even now, with eighty or ninety long strides, mounted up to the FORT, without a single halt to fetch breath.—

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—How sweet is thy return, O HEALTH! thou rosy cherub!—my soul leaps forward to meet thee, whose true value thy absence can only teach us!—When thou comest, *with healing on thy wings*; when every part, and nerve, and artery, are obedient to their office; and when this complicated machine is so perfectly harmonized, that we perceive not that we have any part, or nerve, or artery, belonging to us, how sweetly is the mind then attuned to receive pleasure from every inlet of sense!

—GOD of my life! who numberest my days, teach me to meet with gratitude, or patience, the good, or ill, which in the tide of time shall float down with them!—but never withdraw from me those native spirits, which have been the cheering companions of my existence, and have spread a gilding upon every thing around me!—that I may continue to view, with rapture, the inexhaustible volume of NATURE that is thrown open before me; on every page of which is charactered the impression of thy OMNIPOTENT HAND!—

As I often indulge a meditating disposition on the *old bench* upon the FORT, where I am now seated, it is matter of amusement to consider the immense variety, that a short space of time produces in the same natural objects;—every change of light,—every alteration in the atmosphere, gives them a different appearance.—I have just been contemplat-

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ing the wide scene of waters before me; that hath lately been darkened by some clouds which overhung it.—I see it emerging into new day.—I perceive its green hue warming into purple tints.—As I direct my eye as far as it can stretch, I view the sun, from behind a veil that conceals it, shooting down its rays on a limited circumference, and brightening all the edges of the waves.—And now its broad orb appears in full glow; descending almost level with the sea—the whole western canopy is illuminated.—It trembles a little while on the extremity of the horizon, and at last plunges from the sight.

—Those who may be disposed to contrast the works of NATURE, with the most boasted labours of ART, will find the first, ever new and permanent, while the latter, the instant they have attained their *limited perfection*, approach towards a slow but a sure decline.—

The pride of a potent monarch may be gratified, in erecting some magnificent temple to his god;—he may perpetuate the remembrance of his ancestors, by superb mausoleums;—he may command the daring pyramid to shoot upward to the skies,—may inscribe his victories on the trophied column,—or register his triumphs on the sculptured arch;—But even though no accident should abridge their duration,—yet the revolving season soon sully their

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beauty;—and the silent power of Time gradually shakes their foundations; and at last levels them with the dust.—While thy works, O NATURE, remain uninjured;—ever changing, and ever reviving, thou shinest unconscious of decay!—still bright in immortal youth!—

And yet more lovely far dost Thou appear, when Thou commandest our attention in thy *active scenes*, and beamest from the mind with all those irradiations of VIRTUE, HONOUR, and BENEVOLENCE, which dignify humanity.—These may be deemed the *sun shine* of the *moral world!*—that warms,—that brings forward,—and ripens the soul to perfection!—And if, sometimes, in contemplating the pictures of real life, one sees with pain the canvass darkened with worthless characters, they should be viewed but as deep shades, which, however they may interrupt thy native brightness, yet by their contrast more forcibly impress the amiableness of thy lustre!—

Full of such sentiments, I frequently, from this cliff, cast a look toward RECULVER, and drop a sigh, to the memory of those beloved SISTERS, who were in their lives so undivided, and whose unshaken union hath there been so long recorded.—

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Considering how many surveys have been published of this county, and how much the zeal for antiquity hath for many years prevailed amongst us; it is somewhat singular, that so slight mention should have been made of this extraordinary building; of which little more hath been said, than that *the church was formerly considerable, having still two goodly spiring steeples.*

As people in general only speak of this edifice merely as being *accidentally* an advantageous *sea-mark*, unknowing of the cause by which it became so;—I am happy that it is in my power, in this remote period of time, to gratify the curiosity of those, who hereafter may visit these shores.—

I have long wished, my dear JENNY, to relate to thee this interesting story.—To Thee, whose heart NATURE hath so sweetly harmonized, that it vibrates at the slightest touch of another's sorrow; and is therefore worthy to hear a tale of distress.—

Several years ago, being on a journey to SPA, I was detained some time in the university of LOUVAIN, by an accidental illness, which seized me on the road.—During my stay, I made an acquaintance with an IRISH jesuit, who honoured me with many civilities, and whom I found a very intelligent companion.—He shewed me whatever he thought most curious in the place; though, except

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the great library, and the public schools, there is but little worth notice.

I was however much pleased with two manuscript volumes, which I met with in the library of one of the colleges;—they chiefly contained anecdotes relative to some ENGLISH families, and to several historical, and monastical antiquities; and were the memorials of a DOMINICAN FRIAR of CANTERBURY, who quitted ENGLAND at the time of the *Reformation*, and retired to LOUVAIN;—at his death he bequeathed them, together with other curious books, to the college where they then were.—My friend, who was one of its members, procured the manuscript to be lent me;—and, in turning over many subjects far less interesting, I met with the historical account of this church.—I have divested it of the obsolete language of the times, but the substance of it is nearly as follows.—

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THE STORY OF THE TWO SISTERS.

TOWARDS the end of those troublesome times, when ENGLAND was shaken by the feuds of the houses of YORK and LANCASTER, there resided, in a village near the banks of the MEDWAY, a gentleman, whose name was GEOFFRY DE SAINT CLAIR, descended from a family of great antiquity and repute in those parts.—The many launces, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more respectable, than did the unbounded benevolence of its present possessor.—The poor sat at his gate, and blessed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim reposed in his porch, without remembering, in his orisons, its hospitable owner.

SAINT CLAIR had allied himself in marriage with the Lady MARGARET DE BOYS, a woman of high birth, and rare endowments; whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and a religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement.—All her leisure hours, which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that

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age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised, without thinking they demeaned their stations;—she relieved the indigent,—advised with the unfortunate,—visited the sick,—and brought up her *Twin Daughters*, FRANCES and ISABELLA, in the same sentiments;—accustoming them very early, to attend upon her in all those acts of primitive piety.—As these young ladies were the sole issue of SAINT CLAIR and Lady MARGARET, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds, so rich a soil, that every thing prospered which was planted in them: —no useful knowledge was omitted,—no external accomplishment neglected.—

FRANCES and ISABELLA were now arrived at the age of twenty-five.—The amiableness of their characters, their enlarged understandings, and the gracefulness of their persons, won the admiration and esteem of all who approached them.—They had, from similitude of manners, and sentiment, contracted such a rare affection for each other, that it seemed as if NATURE, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union, which was to distinguish their lives; —and for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth. Nor was this event very remote; Lady MARGARET was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, carried her off, and

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desolated one of the happiest families in the world.—

It would be difficult to describe the sounds of woe, which, on this occasion, echoed through all the mansion, or the sighs of the disconsolate poor, under the windows.—The grief of SAINT CLAIR, after the many years of uninterrupted happiness that he had enjoyed with Lady MARGARET, in its first attack, almost overpowered his reason;—whilst FRANCES and ISABELLA had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own; which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed.—

—Lovely mourners!—more lovely in your tears!—Fancy pictures you before me, bathed in filial sorrow,—standing by and supporting your distracted parent—striving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not suffer his servants to close, still demanding in wild utterance, again, and again—*one last—last look!*—

—Heavens!—how severe a distress!—If any reader hath been in a situation, to ask for a *last look* of what is most dear to him,—and what he is going to be deprived of for ever—he alone can best judge how much that bosom agonizes, that urges the request!—

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Though SAINT CLAIR called in aid all his philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved Lady MARGARET, yet he was worn, by a silent sorrow, which had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.—

In this mournful interval, the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent visits of their uncle, JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR —who was at that time ABBOT of the monastery of SAINT AUGUSTIN, in CANTERBURY; of which place there are, at this day, such noble remains existing.—He was the younger brother of GEOFFRY, though there was but the difference of a year between them; and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that SAINT CLAIR, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them, a very large inheritance*.—

* The ingenious Mr. BATTELY, in his addition to SOMNER, has given us a succession of the ABBOTS of SAINT AUGUSTIN, from the year 598, down to the Reformation; extracted chiefly from THORN, who was himself a Monk of that foundation.—But THORN's Chronicle coming no lower than 1419, the names of the ABBOTS from that period, are collected, as Mr. BATTELY tells us, from a manuscript relating to the monastery, and are given without dates.

We do not find the name of JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR in the list; but about the time alluded to, in the LOUVAIN *Manuscript*,

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— The manner in which FRANCES had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother she so much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement;— and a great convent of BENEDICTINE NUNS, not very distant from FEVERSHAM, happening, a few months after, to lose their principal (who was always one of a considerable family) the ABBOT of SAINT AUGUSTIN, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life, procured her to be named the Lady ABBESS of it.

ISABELLA, who had never as yet been separated from her sister, would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil.—"The same roof," says she, "hath ever hitherto covered us, — the "same have been our wishes,—the same our pur-"suits;—the grave hath divided us from those,

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mention is made of JOHN THE ABBOT, without the addition of his family name; and so doubtful is it, who this JOHN was, that some had supposed it to be JOHN DUNSTAR, PRIOR of BATH; who, Mr. BATTELY adds, died the greatest part of a century before, that is, in 1412.—

It is to be lamented, that monastic antiquities are so often overshadowed by such a cloud of uncertainty:—but the story of the SISTERS seems to clear up the doubt of who this JOHN THE ABBOT was; and may dispose the Antiquarian, to reinstate JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR, in the high dignity he is said to have formerly enjoyed.——

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" who taught us the amiableness of friendship,—
" and shall alone divide us from one another!"—

—The ABBOT was much hurt by this declaration of his niece.—He desired her to banish from her thought, such a resolution;—and failed not to intimate to her, that FRANCES, having devoted herself to the cloister, she remained the only support of the family of SAINT CLAIR; that her virtues should rather embellish society, than be lost within the walls of a monastery;—and wished she would, by accepting some alliance of suitable rank and fortune, rather permit those accomplishments to be seen by the world, which she sought to hide in oblivion.—

FRANCES, on her part, however she was charmed with this testimony of her sister's affection, joined in sentiment with her uncle,—expressing to her, how much happier she should be, to see her settle herself by marriage, and imitate the good life and example of their excellent mother.—

" I am not, you know;" says she, " by the
" religious office I fill, tied down to all those rules,
" which must of course be imposed on you;—my
" liberty remains;—we shall have constant oppor-
" tunities of continuing that intercourse of love,
" our hearts so mutually desire.—It will be the
" highest pleasure to me, to see you united to a

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"man worthy your choice;—preserving in our fa-
"ther's castle, that hospitality, for which it hath
"so long been famed;—and whenever you shall
"wish to make a short retreat from the bustle of
"the world, our holy house will afford you a
"peaceable asylum."—

—It was not but with great difficulty, nor even till much time after, that, by the repeated solicitations of FRANCE, and her uncle, ISABELLA was prevailed on to relinquish entirely, her intentions of entering on a monastic life.—She resided for some time, in her father's venerable old mansion on the MEDWAY, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister;—who, at intervals, attended her on visits to FRANCES,—and also, at particular seasons, to the ABBOT, at his house, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monastery of SAINT AUGUSTIN.

—It was in one of these visits to her uncle, that she became acquainted with HENRY DE BELVILLE, between whose father and the ABBOT, there had long subsisted a most firm friendship.—He was of good birth, though much inferior to ISABELLA in fortune; his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.—

BELVILLE was now in his twenty-ninth year;—his figure was graceful, and manly,—and, to a

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disposition as amiable as his person, was joined an understanding both quick and strong, and which had been improved by the most extensive education, that the fashion of the age allowed.—He had been sent to travel over EUROPE,—had resided in several of its principal courts;—and was now on his return from a short expedition into FRANCE,—and had stopped at CANTERBURY, to pay his respects to the ABBOT, and to deliver him certain letters with which he had been charged.—

BELVILLE, on his first return to ENGLAND, a few years previous to the present period, had been honoured by the patronage of RICHARD Duke of GLOUCESTER; near whose person he held an employment, which could not long dispense with his absence;—for that prince, being now mounted on the throne of ENGLAND, the whole nation was thrown into an hostile state.—

It will not be wondered at, if after BELVILLE and ISABELLA had been a few days together, their mutual accomplishments, and their mutual desire to please, should have made them much charmed with one another.—BELVILLE felt himself enamoured of his fair companion,—and had the satisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away.—Though he took leave, after a short time, to go to LONDON, yet he found an excuse for returning very soon;—and having reason

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to think he had made a favourable impression on ISABELLA, did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life in the society of so engaging a woman.—His offer was not less pleasing to ISABELLA, than it was to her uncle, and FRANCES;—the latter of whom agreed to give up to her sister, her right in the castle of SAINT CLAIR, where it was proposed they should reside.—

—Every thing was preparing for their nuptials;—and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union of true and disinterested affection.—But the successful progress that the arms of HENRY OF RICHMOND, now made in the kingdom, had obliged RICHARD to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to attend his camp; amongst whom, as I before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom; who at this time would most willingly have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honour, and his zeal for his royal master, overcome every private motive.—

—Were I to follow closely, the manuscript from whence the substance of this story is drawn, it would lead me into some of the historical transactions of those times, which are already sufficiently known;—only it is worthy of being remembered, that there are encomiums bestowed on the charac-

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ter, and person of RICHARD; upon both of which, historians have thrown so much deformity. —I shall therefore pass over those circumstances, which are foreign to my subject; and only observe, that the unfortunate BELVILLE was amongst those of the king's followers, who shared the fate of their royal master in BOSWORTH FIELD.—He was near RICHARD in great part of the battle, and was also a witness of his death;—and his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and, after RICHMOND's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into LEICESTER—where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of BLACK FRIARS, in that city.

—His page, BERTRAM, who had served him from his infancy, took care that every assistance should be procured him;—but the fever, which was occasioned by the accident, together with the many bruises he had received, neither gave himself, or those about him, any other prospect, but that of approaching death.—

Those who contemplate BELVILLE a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himself with every expectation of happiness, that virtue, fortune, and an union with one of the loveliest of women, could present to his imagination;

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and now picture him—stretched on a poor pallet,—surrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars,—his countenance shrunk and wan,—and his eyes fixed with humility, and resignation, on a crucifix which they held before him,—cannot surely, by the contrast, avoid dropping a sigh at the fallacy of human hopes!—

—A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his PAGE, that he might give him his latest orders.—

"BERTRAM," says he,—looking wistfully on him—"the day that hath ruined our Sovereign's "fortune, hath blasted mine!—and that too, in "the moment when it shone the fairest!—Thou "wilt soon render me the last of thy faithful ser- "vices!—Let my body rest with the fathers of "this house,—and as soon as thou hast seen its due "rites performed, speed thee to CANTERBURY,— "and acquaint the holy ABBOT of SAINT AU- "GUSTIN, with the bloody event of yesterday.— "Conjure him, that he unfold it to my intended "Bride, in such manner as his discretion shall "advise.—Bear her this jewel from my finger, in "token, that my last thoughts dwelt on her;— "and tell her, my only sigh in leaving the world, "was for the losing her, whose virtues so embel- "lished it!"—

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BELVILLE *dying, and sending his Ring to* ISABELLA, *by his page* BERTRAM.

page 204.

A. Zucchi pinx. *C. Grignion jc.*

Pub. May 1. 1766. by T. Davis Paternoster Row.

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—— The faithful BERTRAM dropped a tear of affection and gratitude, over the grave of his gallant master;—and journeying to CANTERBURY with a bursting heart, presented himself before the ABBOT, with such a countenance, as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.—

The arrival of BELVILLE'S PAGE, could not be long a secret to ISABELLA, who was then at her uncle's; and whose mind instantly foreboded some extraordinary event!—though the news of the battle had not yet reached that city.—

When SAINT CLAIR was himself sufficiently composed, to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion;—though the amount of all that can be said to the sons and daughters of affliction, is no more than this,—that it is our duty, and our interest, to bear, with patience, that which it is not in our power to alter!—The emotions of nature must subside, before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!—

ISABELLA, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude, and resignation, which her piety alone could inspire.—She desired that BERTRAM might be detained, two or three days, at the monastery,—and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she would dispatch him

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to her sister FRANCES, whom she could then bear to see with more calmness;—and to whom she sent the following letter, by the hands of the PAGE.

"Most beloved Sister,

"I am plunged from the height of imaginary "happiness, into the depth of real distress!—The "messenger who delivers this, will inform you of "my situation,—and to him I refer you for partic- "ulars, which I am unable to dwell on.—BEL- "VILLE is no more!—All that dream of happiness, "which I hoped for, from an alliance with that "dear, that amiable man, is vanished in an instant! "—and I wake into a world, that hath no object "for my regard, but the affection of my ever ten- "der FRANCES!—I support my adversity with all "the fortitude I can summon up;—but Heaven "only knows the struggles of my heart!—From "the time that the united solicitations of you, and "my Uncle, prevailed on me (though reluctantly) "to absent myself from you, my soul hath been "agitated between hope and disappointment!—I "will trust the fallacy of the world no more;— "the remainder of my days shall be passed with "you;—and we will end life as we began it, in "an inseparable union.—Your converse, and the "solitude of a cloister, can alone restore tranquil-

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"lity to the mind, of your ever faithful and dis-
"consolate

"ISABELLA."

When the LADY ABBESS saw her Sister, she found her still more confirmed in her resolution of entering on a monastic life.—Her Uncle, conceiving it might best restore a calm to her troubled spirits, no longer opposed it;—and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, and every thing prepared, she took the veil in the convent where FRANCES presided.

—ISABELLA now found in religion, the only consolation for her past misfortunes;—and though the remembrance of her beloved BELVILLE, would often come across her, and spread a temporary gloom over her mind, yet she constantly strove to dispel it, by piety and resignation.—The Two SISTERS enjoyed all that heart-felt pleasure, which arises from rooted friendship;—and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the Sisterhood.

The LOUVAIN *Manuscript* informs us, that after these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the ABBESS was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her

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life.—It is not difficult to conceive, how severe ISABELLA's sufferings were, in this dreadful interval of suspense and apprehension, or the anxieties of her mind, till her Sister was restored to health.—

FRANCES, during her illness, had made a private vow to the *Blessed Virgin* MARY, that if she recovered, she would send some costly offering to a chapel, which was consecrated to her, at a little PORT, called BRADSTOW, or BROAD-STAIRS, in the isle of THANET (part of which chapel is at this day remaining);—and in which, her image was esteemed to work such great miracles, that Pilgrims came from parts very remote, to visit it;—and it was held in such veneration, that all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have constantly lowered their top-sails, to salute it.—And the feast of the INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS, which was the third day of MAY, being to be celebrated there, with great solemnity,—her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the VIRGIN, determined her to go herself at that time and fulfil her vow.—

ISABELLA obtained permission to accompany her Sister in this devout purpose;—and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horse almost the only conveyance—they resolved to put themselves, with two attendants, aboard a passage-sloop, that usually went, at stated times, from FEVERSHAM

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to BROAD-STAIRS, and other parts along the coast, between that place and the DOWNS.

—They set sail in the evening, but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose.—Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the THAMES, knows how difficult it is rendered, by reason of the many flats, and banks of sand, that obstruct it.—

—The suddenness and fury of the storm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a dismay amongst all the passengers;—and the mariners, from the opposition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the vessel. —To pursue their course was impracticable;—they therefore attempted to save themselves, by running in on the shore, at a place called RECULVER (which is a small village, though of great antiquity, situate on the borders of the isle of THANET);—but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly, whereabout they were.—Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it;—and their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea, bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the HORSE, that lies a little off from RECULVER.—

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—The surprize—the confusion—and the image of death, that must naturally rush into the minds of people, who are on the point of being wrecked,—can only be justly felt, or described, by those who have stood in so dreadful a situation.—Each one recommended himself to GOD, and to his *Tutelar Saint.*—The mariners hoisted out their long-boat, as precipitately as they could;—and that which most agitated the thoughts of FRANCES and ISABELLA, was the mutual preservation of each other.—

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it;—for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours,—and, to add to the horror, night advanced.—The Captain, almost by force, dragged the Lady ABBESS, and her Sister, from the cabin,—and scarcely had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those who were already in the boat, finding they must all perish, if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore,—in spite of the menaces of the Captain, who stood on deck, supporting ISABELLA,—the intreaties of the ABBESS, who was wild to return,—or the cries of the passengers left behind.

—The only faint hope which now remained to those on board, was, that the vessel might possibly hold together, till some assistance could be obtain-

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ed from the shore; which they still flattered themselves would come in case the boat reached the land, —which it providentially did, though with the utmost risk.—Every one who remained in the vessel was resigned to his fate;—and, surrounded as ISABELLA was, by impending death, it afforded no small consolation to her, to think, there was a possibility that her Sister had escaped.

—It was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one durst venture out;—when, the storm abating with the departure of the tide, and the day being near dawning, a large boat put off to the wreck.—When those who went to assist, got to it, they found all the people on board, retired to different places beneath the deck,—great part of which was broken away.—ISABELLA had remained in the cabin; one side of which was also washed off, and the room half filled with water;—she was almost exhausted by the terrors she had sustained,—the bruises she had received.—and the extreme cold in which she had so long suffered.—They led her with the utmost gentleness from this wretched place,—while she, all pale and trembling, scarcely comprehended at first what they were doing;—yet life deemed to flush anew in her countenance, on hearing that her Sister was preserved.—

—As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, who were wait-

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ing to receive her; and conducted to the house where the Lady ABBESS was.—FRANCES, transported at the first sight of her Sister, ran out to meet ISABELLA,—who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants.—FRANCES clasped her hand, and in an eager joy would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon.—

ISABELLA was immediately put into bed, and received every assistance that could be procured;—but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining so many hours in water, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.—

FRANCES, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her Sister, her own sufferings.—She never stirred from her bedside,—and often accused herself, as being the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition.—ISABELLA chid her for thinking so,—declaring, it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted.—"Though we came into the "world together," says she, "yet as we were not "destined to perish together,—a time must inevita-

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"bly have come, when death would have dissolved "our union.—I rejoice that I am not the survivor. "—I die, where I have ever wished to live, in the "arms of the most beloved of Sisters.—Pray for "the repose of my soul;—and lay me in the tomb "which you have allotted to be your own—that "one grave may in death hold our Remains, who "in life had but one heart."

The loss of ISABELLA plunged the Lady ABBESS into that deep distress, which minds, formed like her's, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness, and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel.—She caused the body of her unfortunate Sister to be transported in solemnity, to their convent;—where, after it had been exposed with accustomed rites, it was deposited, with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of SAINT BENEDICT,—bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the Sisterhood.—

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, FRANCES failed not to transmit, by the hands of her Confessor, (her uncle, the ABBOT, having been sometime dead*) her intended offering

* This circumstance seems fully to decide the point of JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR being the ABBOT, whose family name is lost in all the Chronicles of SAINT AUGUSTIN's monastery.—Mr. BATTELY tells us, that JOHN THE ABBOT died in 1497; and the con-

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to the *Virgin of* BROAD-STAIRS,—accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of ISABELLA's soul.—And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her Sister,—as well as to direct mariners in their course,—that they might escape the sad calamity herself had so fatally experienced,—she caused a very ancient church, that stood on a rising ground just above the village of RECULVER, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be restored, and much enlarged,—and at one end thereof erected *two Towers* with *lofty Spires* upon them,—the which she directed should be called THE SISTERS;—and to this day it retains the name, and is a sea-mark of great utility;—

In less than seven years, the whole church was completed; which she endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune;—and ordained, that there should be celebrated one solemn mass, *on the first day* of every month (the wreck having happened on the *first of May*); and that a perpetual litany should be sung, for the eternal peace of the departed ISABELLA.—

She lived to see this her Will executed,—as well as to bestow many other charitable donations,—not only on the convent over which she presided,

nexion this story has with the battle of BOSWORTH FIELD, which was fought in 1485, fixes the present period to be in some part of the year 1500.

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—but on several other religious institutions;—and was, from her amiable character, and pious example, beloved, and respected to the last hour of her life.—

She survived ISABELLA eleven years, and died most sincerely, and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.—

Her Remains, pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her Sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank and office.—A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross,—and beneath it, a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.—

—Faithful,—congenial spirits!—in whatsoever world ye reside, peace be your lot!—as virtue was your portion here!—Long, long may this memorial of your love remain!—to guide the dubious vessel in its course, and make your names blest by the wanderers of the deep!—

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SHIP-NEWS.

THERE rarely passed a day, during my stay at MARGATE, of which I did not spend some portion in the society of CLERMONT, and his sister.—On calling upon them this afternoon, I thought every body's countenance saluted me, with more than its wonted good-humour.—It is a circumstance that ever gives one the most pleasant feelings.

—As I, in turn, addressed my inquiries to MARIANNE, I perceived a blush on her cheek,—together with a little apparent hurry of spirits.—She was moving about the room in quest of something,—and presently went up stairs—either to look for a fan *which she had in her pocket*—or her work-bag, which *hung upon her arm*,—though more probably to give AMELIA an opportunity of speaking with me.

—If I had not known, said that Lady, that you were to dine to-day at SAINT LAURENCE, I should certainly have sent you a summons;—for I was impatient to tell you, that both my young friend, and myself, have received letters this morn-

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ing from STERLING, who is got to IRELAND.—Mine breathes the effusion of a grateful mind, kindly approving, and applauding, the part I have acted;—MARIANNE's I have kept in my pocket for your perusal;—and I now think nothing more can disturb an union, in which I confess myself interested, with the fondest feelings of a mother.—But read the letter.—

"I seize the earliest moment of informing my "dearest Girl, of my safe arrival in IRELAND,— "where I hope I shall soon complete my business— "and then set my sails toward ENGLAND, whither "all my thoughts, and wishes, are flown before "me.—I have a thousand things to say to you,— "but time will only allow me to tell you, that "your's and AMELIA's letters, reached me at the "CAPE.—Heavens!—how was I tortured, when I "learned who it was, that had so cruelly,—though "so unsuccessfully,—tampered with our feelings!— "Poor EDMUND!—but his name shall never again "be mentioned;—he cannot be more severely pu- "nished than to reflect, that in the exigencies of "future life, he hath deprived himself for ever, of "the comfort and affection of such a sister!— "Yourself, and your faithful protectress, have been "the guardians of my happiness.—But I hope I "have many years before me, to pay that debt, "which my heart so gratefully avows;—though "the debts of *Sensibility*, and of *Love*, are the

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" reverse of all others,—for, in the intercourse of
" feeling minds, every attempt to *discharge* them,
" proves but the means to *increase* them!—Be this,
" my dearest MARIANNE, the commerce of our
" lives!—I must now bid you adieu,—that I may,
" before the departure of the post, express to your
" generous friend, how much her conduct hath
" obliged me.—I wait the moment with impatience,
" when my lips can better assure you, how much
" I am for ever

" Your's, *&c.*
" STERLING."

AMELIA, all the while I was reading the letter, was wiping away a tear,—and CLERMONT brushed off half a dozen that had silently slipt from his eyes.

—Well, says he, when I had finished it,—what think you now of the young man?—If his heart does not hang in the right place, I will never have an opinion of my own while I breathe.—I have not a doubt but he will make my *adopted niece*, a sensible, manly, and affectionate husband.—You smile at my calling her so;—but I must owa to you, that I wish to imbibe every partiality of my sister's;—and MARIANNE is such a natural, engaging character, that to know her well, and not be partial to her, would be an impossibility.—But, my old acquaintance, I have something more to say to you

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on this subject, for EMILY vows that no one but yourself, shall perform the matrimonial ceremony; —and she is confident that you are too much interested for her friend, to have any objection.—

She may be assured, I can have none.—There is so much real satisfaction in being *intentionally*, or even *officially*, an instrument to the happy union of others, that I feel an obligation to any one, who suggests to me the means of becoming so.—My precarious health, continued I, would never allow me to execute the calls of my profession, where the duty was considerable; nor my principles to accept *a trust*, which I felt myself *unable to perform*,—yet its offices have been ever ready to the claims of humanity, or of friendship;—And to say truth, Madam, in the one you now solicit, I am as lucky a person as you could possibly apply to,—for I never married but three couple;—and though several years have since elapsed, yet I never meet them, without seeing a smile on their countenances, and receiving, from both sides, a repetition of their thanks;—and this cordial acknowledgment charms me the more in one of them, who was my intimate at College; as his happiness can only arise from the great superiority of his mind, to the narrowness of his fortune;—for with the education and deportment of a gentleman, and a scholar,—and under the difficulties, which the providing for five children must create,—he had never sufficient interest

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to procure a living,—yet cheerfully goes through the daily, laborious duty of an extensive and populous parish, which he sustains with the conscientiousness of an apostle, for seventy pounds a year; while his dignified rector, who rarely visits the place, receives more than six times that sum *from* it!—

It is to be lamented, resumed CLERMONT, that the preferments of the church are not more equally divided;—many have too much,—and the greater part of the clergy, far too little;—and, though I would not doubt, but that in the disposal of the good things of this world, merit hath sometimes its share; yet the only true passport to the obtaining them, is, what you call in this country, *connexion*.—Without the aid of a patron who has interest, mere merit stands but little chance of being noticed;—and a man, even with the shining virtues of your friend, may continue to starve on a curacy, all the days of his life.—

—But my good Sir, allow me one word more on the subject—No one more truly respects the clergy than myself, when their doctrine, and their characters, illustrate each other—nay, I firmly believe, that mankind are universally disposed to reverence their function;—but, bred a merchant,—and accustomed to look daily on the *debtor* and *creditor* side of my books,—and to have a constant eye on

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the *balance* of both,—I am at a loss to guess what kind of *conscientious balance* some of your Dignitaries strike, who undertake the *cure of souls*, yet so far from affording them their salutary aid, do not even know either *them*, or their *disorders*.—You will excuse me, my friend,—but it seems to be just the case of an apothecary, who should charge his *own attendance*, yet entrust all his patients to the sole inspection of his *journeyman*.—

Prithee, *how can you account* for this total negligence? or, for what is almost as culpable,—the being so little of the vigilant shepherd, as only to look after the *flock* in the time of *sheering*?

—I am inclined to hope, said I, for the honour of my profession, that this is not in general the case; and shall therefore only reply to you, that as it is a question not so proper to be answered by proxy, I would rather leave its decision to those whom it may concern.—

This, however, you may depend on—that it is *to be accounted for*.—

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THE THEATRE.

ALL the crowned heads of the MARGATE drama would, unquestionably, take it amiss, should they be passed over in silence.—Though it is my wish to *please* all—I possess a desire equally strong to *offend* none,—and least of all those who exert their abilities for the entertainment of others.—Though the Kings,—Lords,—and Commons,—in their theatrical barn assembled, convey such confused ideas of the personages they represent, that they become caricatures instead of characters;—nor do they probably, in general aim at any thing more,—for there is usually such a poverty, and laughable distress, running through the whole performance, as renders Comedy extremely ridiculous, and Tragedy truly comical.—

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Some ladies of AMELIA's acquaintance, having, through humanity, patronized one of the poor players, bespoke HAMLET,—and exerted their interest to fill the house—it being for the *benefit* of the GHOST, and his wife.

CLERMONT and I were solicited to be of the party;—but the Theatre being much crowded, I found myself unable to sustain the heat of it.—My friend and I, therefore, before the curtain drew up, retired behind the scenes;—and indeed, when we were got there, perceived but little probability, that it would draw up the whole evening,—for surely never was beheld such a scene of confusion, as then appeared, in what served both for their general dressing-room, and green-room.—

The centinels, who were to mount guard before the palace of the *Royal* DANE, for want of having any uniform in the wardrobe, had borrowed a couple of sailors jackets.—HORATIO was striding about in a monstrous rage,—declaring he would not act, because his own benefit had been unjustly put back.—The manager, who was corpulent enough to have personated FALSTAFF, even almost without stuffing,—apparelled as young HAMLET, was in no less a passion too,—damning the GHOST's *blood* for being in liquor,—who, as well as his wife, had, on the credit of the many tickets which were taken, given way, through excess of joy, at dinner, to an

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indulgence they should more prudently have postponed till night.—The GHOST had little to say in his defence,—but his lady, now the *Queen Mother*, —sat royally robed on a joint-stool,—and whilst she was dabbing the last colouring on her cheeks, hickupped, with much brevity, their mutual apology —Nor did the distress end here—a smith was sent for to break open OPHELIA's *coffin*,—which serving as a travelling trunk to this itinerant company, the GHOST's *helmet*, POLONIUS's *wig*, together with some of the DANISH *regalia*, were lodged within it;—and the manager, having also deposited with them a half anker of *run spirits*, had so carefully put away the key, that in the hurry it could not be found,—so that the music kept playing *roast beef*, and every popular tune they could think on, to amuse the impatient audience, who knew nothing of the woeful disorder that reigned behind.

—The performance was such as might naturally be supposed from the situation and temper of the *Dramatis Personæ*.—The GHOST composed himself far better than I expected,—except that in the closet scene, he exerted more violence than became his character,—and rushing in too eagerly, dropped his coat of mail which was accidentally untied.—However, as his shirt happened to be clean, he might pass in it full as well for an inhabitant of the other world, as he did in his old leathern armour.

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OPHELIA's dirty silk gown, had been destined for a woman far more slender than herself,—on which account, the robings pinned almost at her hips, and left her in great difficulties to form a convenient stomacher.—Neither she, nor the QUEEN could raise a pair of gloves,—and the latter having scalded her arm, by taking off a pot from the fire, was compelled to appear with it bound round with old linen,—which in truth, but *ill became the majesty of* DENMARK.—The play was received with great indulgence, and excited much more mirth, than *it* did either terror, or pity.—

I have often considered myself, when behind the scenes of more respectable theatres, to be in the situation of those who are in reality about such elevated characters in life, as on the stage are only personated.—They stand in a very different point of view to those who observe them near, when they are not acting their parts,—and who see that what poor flimsy materials contribute to deck them out, as objects for the public eye!

—It is of much moment, on which side of the curtain we contemplate either men, or things!—

It were next to impossible to see such noble scenes, as are interspersed in this whimsical tragedy, blundered through, and converted to farce, without their exciting a hearty laugh; and yet, on

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the best regulated theatres, how few are there who can support a fine drawn character chastly, and admirably throughout?—The dignified scenes of the *Tragic Muse*, besides an harmonious voice and ear, super-added to very many personal accomplishments in the player, demand strong judgment, and delicate feelings,—and those who possess this assemblage of endowments (a few exceptions allowed) rarely choose to expose their talents in a situation of this nature.—Should any future fashion render the profession eligible, there would be found, with such advantages, no mystery in it,—nor would the stage feel the want of as great ornaments, as it hath hitherto ever boasted.—The same argument must inevitably appear just, with respect to the *lighter scenes* of the drama; it being difficult for an actor, without the aid of a very superior genius, to delineate, with ease and propriety, manners which he is not *familiarised* to himself.—Hence it is, that the characters of genteel comedy, are those which in general suffer the most in representation,—while the strong-marked features of common life, rarely fail of receiving their due colouring.—

As CLERMONT and I, between the play and the farce, were debating these matters, on an old form, which ten minutes before had constituted the *Throne* of DENMARK—Our neighbours, says my friend, understand this business better; their natural

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vivacity, and habitual politeness, give them great advantages on the stage,—and their's is the only stage I have seen, where their people of rank and fashion are perfectly well personated.—When they get into their buskins, I own there is far more declamation, than I think natural—but their dramatic compositions are excellent.—I know not whether a long absence from the ENGLISH theatre, and a frequent attendance on the FRENCH one, hath vitiated my judgment,—but I confess, I love a tragedy that ends happily, and where the struggles of virtue are crowned with triumph.—*Pity* is a more pleasing exercise of the human mind, than *terror!*—Scenes of this kind, I have ever observed, are honoured with the most tears;—and tears are the plaudits of meeting nature!—A judicious writer will deeply interest the passions—awaken sensibility,—and penetrate every avenue to the heart, without the aid of either murder, or of death;—which, by being made too familiar to our sight, soon lose the effect they should inspire.—To speak plainly, I think we have dealt rather too largely in daggers, and poison, on this side of the water—I hate a fifth act, which, as this of to-night, makes the stage like the shop of a *carcase-butcher*.—If we had our eye a little more on the FRENCH theatre, I can never believe we should write the worse for it.—

—For Heaven's sake, my good friend, cried I, forbear any parallel!—Ever live *well* with those you

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must live *with*;—people do not always give up opinion with good-humour.—The great scenes of SHAKESPEARE—which no pen hath hitherto either *rivalled*, or *approached*,—will, I hope, ever live on our stage, in spite of some few absurd ones with which they are intermixed.—You must consider this PRODIGY of NATURE, as born in an age, when the rules of dramatic writing were but little studied, even in the most polished nations.—Many of his successors, who copied his faults, though unable to imitate his beauties, may in truth, afford you an ample field for criticism.—However, to pacify your spirit, allow me to say, that since the period when you left ENGLAND, we have had our obligations to the FRENCH theatre,—and very many pieces, whose gross *Absurdities* did not shock our wise grand-fathers,—nor whose great *Immodesty* put our virtuous grand-mothers out of countenance —would not, I assure you, now be allowed an audience.—

Step by step, we shall draw nearer to truth,—and it is no small advance toward *Taste* and *Nature*,—to have got rid of *Indecency*, and *Improbability*.

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EDUCATION.

CLERMONT possesses one of the best of hearts, together with an excellent understanding, much improved by books, yet far more by a long knowledge of the world—but is at the same time, so settled in his opinions, that he will not readily give up a point.—

—After our return from the play, no sooner was the supper-cloth removed, than he entered again on the topic of dramatic writing; which led him naturally enough, in defence of what he had before urged on that head, to ascribe much of our notions on this subject, to the *Prejudices of Education*;—which being allowed by both of us, all the weight they necessarily must have, like most disputants we soon got a little wide of the mark from whence we started, and insensibly found ourselves on new ground—nay, on the very ground from whence those *Prejudices* spring.

What we meet with every day, continued CLERMONT, is so familiarized to us, that it passes without making the smallest impression,—the mind

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rarely pauses to consider it;—and hence many a local error, or absurdity, is still persevered in.—Now I have myself been so long an Alien from my own country, and thereby become a citizen of the world, that I may possibly, from the above cause (you will excuse me, my friend) view many things that relate to modern education, in a very different light from yourself.

My own observations, said I, will lead me to assent readily, to the truth of what you have been asserting, "That the youth of most countries in "EUROPE, appear to be much earlier fashioned "to the world than our own;"—that is, they attain the manners, and deportment of men, at a much earlier period.—Accustomed to a constant intercourse with ladies, they cultivate that habitual attention and politeness, which is not easily acquired in recluse seminaries, solely devoted to learning—nor, indeed, do they at the same time seem deficient either in useful, or ornamental science—but, like skilful gardeners, make the most of the soil, and spread out both fruit, and flowers, in the same season.—Whether they may be so deep grounded in GREEK and LATIN, I leave to the decision of our *Heads of Houses*—being myself a traveller only in pursuit of NATURE;—and if in any of my SKETCHES, I occasionally introduce the effects of ART, it is merely as a back-ground, to contrast

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and throw forward, the great object I aim to delineate.

As to your *Heads of Houses*, replied CLERMONT, they would decide it against all EUROPE, without taking one turn round their QUADRANGLE, to debate the question.—I would, however, on no account, be understood to depreciate a profound knowledge in either of those languages;—you may recollect, when we were together at the University, I was esteemed a good proficient in both—yet, though they have pleasurably filled up many parts of my life, I cannot say that the profit they have been of to me, has been in the smallest degree *adequate* to the waste of years that elapsed in attaining them;—and of years—be it remembered—that return no more!—I see no reason why they might not be acquired in a far shorter time—How little a space makes us masters, of not only one, but of many of the tongues of EUROPE!—nay, much deeper masters too than most of us ever become of the others!—I cannot but think our system of education, rather calculated for Beings who could insure *half a century* of longer existence, than is commonly allotted to the race of man.—A *fourth part* of the very longest life,—and a *full half* of what the generality of mankind actually know, is almost solely appropriated to the being able to read, and construe, two dead languages, that have been more than a thousand years out of use;—and,

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though I may be thought to merit being burnt for an *Heretic*, I must ask you, what is the sum of knowledge which they convey?—and to, which this large portion of our days is devoted?—Of the books that are put into our hands, the far greater part are the POETS, who instruct us in the extravagant system of *Ancient Mythology*—than which, human folly never invented any thing so compleatly absurd,—so completely vicious.—The boy has no sooner got grounded in his catechism, than he is introduced to a familiarity with the HEATHEN DIVINITIES, male and female!—and such a set of ragamuffins they are, as hardly ever disgraced the earth;—unjust,—libidinous,—revengeful,—with more than mortal failings, and with more than mortal passions,—spreading their vices through all regions, and peopling half the globe with their bastard progeny!—

Downright *Heresy* indeed! cried I.—But downright truth, nevertheless, resumed my old friend;—nor need I prove it, by citing examples which every school-boy hath his head crammed with:—Only as one instance, let us take the character of JUPITER, *the father of all the gods*;—married to his own sister,—filling heaven and earth with his enormous debaucheries,—using his omnipotence only to accomplish his abandoned purposes,—descending in a shower of gold to ravish DANAE,—reversing even the laws of Nature,—transforming

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himself into an *Eagle*, for GANYMEDE,—into a *Bull*, to indulge his passion for EUROPA,—and into a *Swan*, to commit a rape on LEDA—who, in consequence of her criminal intercourse with the thunderer of OLYMPUS, is ordained to lay a *couple of eggs*, from which she *hatches* CASTOR and POLLUX, and their Two Sisters!—

Such are some of the outlines that distinguish JOVE himself!—and such are the *first rudiments* of instruction that are poured into the youthful mind!—So that almost every lad who happens to depart this life, before he goes to the University, leaves the world with very little other knowledge, than this incoherent jargon, which has insulted his understanding!—

—I much doubt, replied I, whether their Reverences have ever considered this point,—and I must freely own, that there is much plausibility in what you have said.—We are all certain, that our *first impressions* are those which are retained the longest, and are with the utmost difficulty, if ever, effaced.—In the morning of life, when the mind, like an unfolding flower, is shooting upward,—and eager after novelty, nourishes itself with every thing that is planted near it—it is surely of much moment that it should be *watered* with the *purest springs!*—and reared to TRUTH and VIRTUE, by the most unwearied attention!—A knowledge of

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Ancient Mythology is of great aid, in a later period of life, to the flights of poetry,—and hath opened a more spacious field to the imitative arts; —but how far these scenes of fiction, and these contemptible immortals you have described, are proper to be the first acquaintance of our youth, before we have abilities to separate *Truth* from *Allegory*,—or what better knowledge should engage that early season,—is a question I would wish to leave undecided,—at least undecided by myself.—

As I have been less scrupulous, resumed CLERMONT, on the subject, as you have already denounced me a *Heretic*, it will cost but a faggot extraordinary, if, in the same cause, I advance one step farther,—and express to you my doubts, whether also the filling of boys heads, with the wild stories of *Ancient Heroes*, who are held out as secondary objects of their attention, might not on the whole, be better omitted.—Distinguished examples of magnanimity, and virtue, when divested of all legendary nonsense, should, unquestionably, be strongly impressed on their memories,—but the generality of those who have descended to our times, under the denomination of HEROES, have been such as have acquired that title, from their unjust conquests, and lawless devastations.—It is to be lamented, that the world hath implicitly affixed so much imaginary repute to their names, that, trained up in their *splendid delusions*, young people, I

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fear, much too often, read the sad annals they have stained with blood, without feeling that laudable indignation, for the violated rights of humanity, which, but for the *impositions* of Education, Nature would excite in their bosoms.—I freely own, I have so little veneration for this class of Beings, that I feel a satisfaction whenever their titles are depreciated,—and am happy to find, that there are people in the world bold enough to disgrace daily, even the name of a CÆSAR—by making it the appellation of a snivelling *Lap Dog*, or a little *Negro Slave* in a WEST-INDIAN family.—

As this subject hath engaged our thoughts, I cannot quit it, without expressing my wonder, that in our eager and long pursuits of *dead languages*, so little attention is paid to the being correct, and elegant in *our own*; which, through future years, is to convey all our sentiments.—Whether we are destined to shine in public as orators, or authors,—or fill with grace, the stations of private life—I am well persuaded it would be a most beneficial part of education, were our youth accustomed to read aloud, and declaim in English.—Their ear would become habituated to cadence,—the voice insensibly learn to give strength, and harmony, to every period, and they could not fail of acquiring a purity of style.—From this omission, how frequently do we meet with men of great learning, whose reading gives one pain?—How often is fine reasoning

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delivered, without commanding attention?—The offices of the Church performed, without energy, —and the debates of the Senate, divested of that elocution, which always so powerfully graces both the speaker, and the argument?

On this head, returned I, I totally join with you. —You must remember Dr. CLASSIC, the senior fellow of our college;—no man *deeper* in the GREEK and ROMAN tongues,—no man *shallower* in his own;—he could write twenty pages of CICERONIAN LATIN,—but talked ENGLISH as coarsely as a washerwoman,—and read it in a worse tone than the bellman.—

—I am rather surprised, brother, says AMELIA, that in your criticism on modern education, the mode of training up young ladies, should have escaped your remarks, — in which *Fidlers* and *Dancing-masters* are considered as the *supreme object* of attention; and may fairly dispute the time with your GREEK and LATIN.—

Why truly, Madam, replied CLERMONT, the fine parts which Nature hath bestowed on your sex, are not always, I must confess, cultivated in the most advantageous manner;—and perhaps, too much stress is laid on those external accomplishments, which, in a very few years, are neglected, even by those, who have attained them with so

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much time and assiduity!—But women, my dear EMILY, who possess the good sense you are mistress of, perceive the *Insufficiency* of fashion, and of themselves rectify its *Errors*.—

—I am much obliged to you for your compliment, brother; and hope, for the credit of our sex, that the sentiments you entertain of us, are just.—I have ever wished my young friend here to *follow*, but not *sacrifice* to fashion.—External accomplishments are great aids to personal charms,—but beauty, if not assisted by something more, hath rarely sufficient power to maintain long the conquest it hath made.—It is only when united with the graces of the mind, that its victory becomes complete!—The Friend,—the Companion,—and the Mistress,—then join to bind fast the chaplet of Love,—and the empire of domestic happiness, is founded not in *passion*, but in the *Heart*.—But our candles are almost burnt out, and it is time, I think, to withdraw.—

I did not apprehend, Madam, said I (looking at my watch, and perceiving it was past twelve,) that we had trespassed so much on your hour—but my friend's GODS and HEROES have led us into the scrape,—and, I fear, will lead him into a greater one, should he ever publish his opinions to the world.—

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As they can never do the world any injury, returned CLERMONT, I am perfectly indifferent about the matter—Whatever opposes a long established custom, even though it aims to remove a supposed error,—will be sure to have the general voice against it;—but ingenuous minds, unawed by precedent,—and fearless of innovation,—will always hear with candour—and have temper enough to think for themselves.—ALLEGORY hath placed TRUTH at the bottom of a Well,—on which account she is difficult of access;—and whenever she deigns to visit us, is a long while emerging.—

We have every reason to believe that *spoons* were in some shape or other, used as early as the days of JACOB—but it was near four thousand years after, before we found out which was the right way to fix *their handles!*

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THE FAREWELL.

AS the exercise and air which I have enjoyed at this place, have contributed to recruit my health, even beyond my utmost expectations, I begin now to turn my thoughts toward the Capital;—the family who have made my residence here so pleasurable, being also soon to remove hence.—Indeed they only wait the arrival of Captain STERLING, who is daily expected; and will in a few days after that event, return back to town—where I hope it will not be long, before I shall be called on to perform the office of uniting the amiable MARIANNE, with her long-destined husband. But there are ever many preliminaries to be settled on these occasions; and the lawyers always claim precedence of the church.—

—Be our preliminaries, my dear JENNY, as short as possible!—I have given you my heart—which is all I have to settle.—

As it will be necessary, before I quit MARGATE, to leave a *Card of Congè* at the door of all my acquaintance, I wish to take the same opportunity of dropping one with all my readers.—By the time it falls into their hands, we shall have travelled almost through two volumes together, and they will

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have spent hours enough in my company, to decide whether I am worth their future notice;—if those hours should not have proved unpleasant, we may probably on some other ground, meet again, and renew the acquaintance we have now made;—nor can an author, in bidding farewel to his readers, wish for any circumstance more flattering, than to leave them in a disposition so favourable to his interest.

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THE LONDON HOY.

I HAVE been these three days balancing in my mind, whether I should return to town by land, or by water.—The great road, however rich in beautiful prospects, hath no novelty to me, who have so frequently travelled it;—and the course of the THAMES, being perfectly new, made me rather incline to trust the sea; which, never affecting me with the least sickness, is always both pleasant, and healthful to me.

—But then there is no conveyance on this element, but the Hoys!—And what does that signify?—there are always merry folks aboard;—and I have seen them so many times go off in such high

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spirits, that I shall not dislike to make one among them.—A crowd affords variety, and is never unpleasant to me, if I have the liberty of sitting still in it.—

So this matter was finally adjusted, and LA PIERRE sent off to give my saddle-horses safe conduct to town.

CLERMONT would see me aboard;—half MARGATE thronged the Pier-Head,—and the deck of the HOY seemed already covered with passengers.—The morning was delicious,—and the sea wore a most inviting appearance;—so taking leave of my worthy friend, I stepped into the vessel, and seated myself at the stern, on one side of the steerage.

No sooner had we began to push off, when *a good voyage* was echoed from an hundred voices at once;—while, *Do not forget that parcel—My love to* HARRY—*Tell* BETTY *I shall soon be in town—Remember me to* JOHN—*Have you got your basket of cold meat?—Take care your bonnet does not blow off—Be sure give* PEGGY *that letter*;—and a thousand such other mementos, were resounded from various quarters.—

—A fresh gale immediately springing up, we perceived, every five minutes, the cost of MARGATE diminish to our sight;—and indeed we had

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our eyes, and attention, called another way, by a fleet of more than forty WEST-INDIAMEN, who were all, like ourselves, making for the Port of LONDON, but with an eagerness, far transcending ours, from having traversed such a length of sea to arrive at it.

—I began now to have a little leisure, to survey the cargo we ourselves had on board.—It consisted of a few gentlemen, who, like myself, enjoyed a passage by sea;—some decent shop-keepers, and their wives, who had been washing off the summer dust of LONDON,—and the remainder chiefly composed of the servants of families, that had left MARGATE, who were all extremely communicative, and appeared to have spent their time in that happy idleness, which such an excursion from home usually gives them.—Every creature at MARGATE was *monstrously* polite,—every place about it *immensely* pretty,—and the smuggled tea most *extravagantly* cheap.—I might have picked up *anecdotes* and *affectation* to have lasted my life, but the wind kindly blew it half away, before it could enter my ears.—

Being by this time got into the Mid-Channel, the rolling of the ship gave a new turn to matters. The effects of the breeze, which had hitherto so briskened our course, began now to be sensibly felt by the greater part of the company;—some

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put on a very serious countenance—some turned pale,—others complained of a swimming in their head,—others, that every thing moved *under* them,—and it was not long after, before it became very apparent, that every thing moved *within* them;—so I sat very quietly, and gathered up the flaps of my coat,—for I hate to carry away the property of any one.

—They will be all the better for it, thought I, when they get home,—and the sea not much the worse.—

As we sailed by RECULVER, I could not avoid turning a look of love toward THE SISTERS, while my heart in silence, once more blessed the names of FRANCES and ISABELLA.

There are writers who, steering the same course that I am, would tell you, that the coast of ESSEX lay spread along to the right,—and that of KENT to the left;—which would infer a supposition, that the Reader did not know where he was,—and such supposition must reflect some discredit on an Author.—Now I have in this work already declared, that I meant professedly to describe nothing; so shall leave quite unnoticed, the Bays, Creeks, Inlets of lesser Rivers, and Points of Land, which we passed,—contenting myself with observing, that our whole course, and the fine weather that illu-

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minated every object, pictured such a succession of beautiful scenes, as might have furnished a variety of SKETCHES, to those who describe in *different colours* to myself.—

—My aim is not to paint for the *Eye*,—but for the *Heart!*—

The ascending such a noble river as the THAMES, cannot but afford to a speculative mind, the highest satisfaction, from the immense traffic which is seen carried on by it,—and the amazing number of ships, that are sailing from the first commercial city in the world, to convey its arts, and its manufactures to the remote parts of the globe;—while those of other nations are pouring in, to enrich us with the advantage of their varied labours, and furnish us with those natural productions denied to our own climate.—One contemplates in the prospect, industry protected,—ingenuity rewarded,—the wants of life supplied,—the desires of opulence indulged! —Our enormous Metropolis receives the whole into her port, as the stomach does its aliments,—which are immediately taken up, and secreted, by unnumbered ducts, and channels, and thence circulated through ten thousand veins and arteries,—transfusing national strength and wealth, even to the most remote members.—

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After enjoying the beautiful winding of the HOPE, we made a short stop at GRAVESEND, to put some passengers ashore, and drop some goods the master had on board;—by this circumstance, we lay a-long-side of a Transport-vessel, that was at anchor off that place, and was conveying upwards of *fourscore* felons to AMERICA.—Two gentlemen, who had accidentally been my companions in the HOY, had the curiosity to step into the Transport; and declared to me at their return, that their humanity was most sensibly touched, at seeing so many unfortunate wretches of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, whose hardened deportment too strongly testified, that even the sense of shame, which often outlives the nobler virtues of the mind, in appearance, excited no sentiment in theirs.

—Heaven protect the country, said I, whither they are going to be transplanted!—for they are weeds that must disgrace every soil!—It is a melancholy reflection, that necessity forces us every year to expel from the kingdom, such numbers of our fellow-creatures, with whom there is no living, but at the risque of our peace, and safety,—and against whose fraud and villainy, it requires more art to fence ourselves, than against the most savage animals that ravage the world.—However, as I am going to LONDON, I rejoice to think that there are

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at least, *fourscore* fewer rogues in it, than there were, when I came away.—

So with this consolation, *in petto*, we pursued cheerfully the remainder of our voyage,—and in about eleven hours from the time we left MARGATE, were safely landed at WOOL QUAY.

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FAMILY PICTURE.

IT was quite dusk when I got ashore, and the evening being delightfully serene, I was glad, after so long a confinement, to stretch my legs, and determined to walk home to my lodgings at the west end of the town.

—It is a doubt whether any Capital in EUROPE equals LONDON in populousness,—but it is beyond a doubt, that none vie with it in convenience and cleanliness.—I could wish those, who may be inclined to dispute my assertion, would consider the wonderful security in which near a *million* of people are crowded together,—and the equally wonderful manner in which this *million* are supplied with every thing that necessity demands, or extavagance can call for.—The good order preserved in our streets by day,—the matchless utility and beauty of their illumination by night,—and what is, perhaps, the most essential of all, the astonishing supply of water which is poured into every private house, however small, even to

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profusion!—the superflux of which clears all the drains and sewers, and assists greatly in preserving good air,—health,—and comfort!—

PARIS may be smelt five miles before you arrive at it—MADRID, ten—and all the great cities of FRANCE, and SPAIN, in proportion:—As to those of ITALY, the atmosphere which surrounds them, is so impregnated with *Garlick*, that the nose cannot easily analyze the other compounds which are overpowered by it;—yet in spite of all the advantages our metropolis may boast, those who are just arrived from the purer air of the country, will ever here and there, at a short turning, or alley-end, catch many unsavory whiffs, which they would always wish to get to the windward of.—

—On these occasions I have commonly recourse to my snuff-box; but its contents were unfortunately exhausted, by being liberally offered to some of my companions in the Hoy,—so it occurred to me, to call at my old snuff-shop in COVENT-GARDEN, and get it replenished; conceiving I might, at the same time, pick up a little intelligence of what was stirring in town.—

The shop was lighted up, as usual, and two candles standing on the counter,—but the door being bolted, I knocked twice before I gained admis-

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sion; when the master coming from above stairs, complimented me on my return home, and on the good looks I had brought back with me.—

I thanked him for his civility,—and my nose being become very impatient, I whipped my snuff-box, from my pocket, and borrowed a hasty pinch, from the jar he had taken down.

—I thought as he was filling my box, that his features had more than their usual glow of good-nature,—and at the same time hearing a female voice above stairs, accompanied by a guitar,—I fear, said I, that I have called you down from some convivial meeting—I hate to suspend any one's pleasure, even for a moment—so there is my money, and now run up again to your friends.—

You by no means suspend my pleasure, replied my tobacconist;—nay, you will increase it, by allowing me to tell you what hath occasioned it.—It is in truth, a scene that might *interest your Feelings.*

Two young men, who have for a great length of time lived with me under this roof, have endured the severe mortification of seeing a worthy father, whose talents and ingenuity might have entitled him to a better fate, by a series of misfortunes, thrown into confinement; and by the rigour of an

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unrelenting creditor, detained there for the greater part of twenty years.—Though their situation in life, denied them the power of rescuing him from his adversity, yet they have comforted him constantly by their daily visits, and supported both him and his second wife, by the labour of their hands; —ever pouring into his wounded bosom, the balm of filial affection.—An act of grace hath at last set the distressed parent at liberty,—and they have this evening been to fetch him home from the forlorn scene of Captivity, which hath worn down his grey hairs.—We have made a little supper on the occasion, and had not long finished it, when you knocked at the door.—One of his daughters, whose voice you now hear is come to welcome his return; and as all the family have a musical turn, she has taken up a guitar to accompany herself.—Nothing can at this moment exceed the transport of the father, after experiencing for so many years, the severity of ill-fortune, to find himself, at last, housed in security under his children's roof.—

—You paint the story, returned I, as one who strongly sympathized in the general joy.—You might well call it a scene to *interest the Feelings*; —on my soul, it hath played the deuce with mine, —insomuch, that I would almost give one eye, to peep through a key-hole with the other, and obtain a glimpse of these happy people, without intruding on their delicious moments.—

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Why that, Sir, continued the landlord, I could gratify you in,—as there can be no breach either of hospitality, or honour, in exhibiting the merits of one's friends, when their actions may not only bear the view, but claim the applause of the world. The little room where they are, has a glass folding-door, with a curtain drawn only across the lower half of it,—if you will give yourself the trouble to step up with me, on the second stairs, you may unperceived look over it, and indulge your curiosity.

I would not have missed the sight for all I shall ever be worth on this side of the grave!—It shewed me so lovely a FAMILY-PICTURE, as bid defiance to all the efforts of art;—even the pencil of a RAPHAEL,—a TITIAN,—or a GUIDO, would have failed in the attempt—for it was drawn, and coloured, by a greater hand;—by thy inimitable hand, O NATURE!—who shalt ever, to the last page I write, remain the object of my adoration!—

I wished a thousand times, my dear JENNY, that thy benevolent heart could have enjoyed it with me!—but I will give you some idea, how the canvass was disposed, and your sensibility will paint the rest.—

Imagine the whole family grouped round the table on which they had supped,—in full view be-

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fore me conceive the portrait of the father; whose features wore the traces of age, and infirmity, possibly somewhat strengthened by the sorrows of life, but whose countenance was at the same time brightened by so placid an eye, as indicated a mind superior to them all! On either side of him sat his good sons, and next to them, his wife, the faithful partner of his afflictions.—Opposite to her, appeared the vacant chair from whence I had so abruptly summoned my conductor, who now stood by me,—while the daughter, whose voice I had heard from below, and the friendly mistress of the house, who had prepared them this little entertainment, filled up the remainder of this happy circle.

The daughter was still singing to her guitar—they were soothing, plaintive notes;—but my mind was too much occupied to attend to sounds—it was watching the character which composed this singular picture, and marking attentively the expressions of cordiality and love, which, during the song, were shot from eye to eye.—Often did the good old man cast looks of transport on each of his family, one after the other,—then fix his attention on his child, whose voice was welcoming his return,—while, at intervals, his hands and eyes were uplifted, in silent gratitude, to that PROVIDENCE who had, after trials so severe, at last brought him home in peace.—

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—As soon as the song was ended, he beckoned his daughter to approach him;—when, taking her by the arm, he gently pulled her down to his cheek, and hid his face in her neck.—The mistress of the house now pushed nearer to him, a glass of wine, which had been poured out, and had long stood before him, unregarded, on the table;—he placidly drank it off; and surveying all around him with a look of measureless contentment, stretched out his hands on his two sons, who were beside him, which were instantly pressed in theirs with the utmost fervor;—while, in their features, were pictured all those delicate emotions of the heart, which NATURE has alone entrusted to the human countenance to express, and which the efforts of language are far too feeble to convey.—

—Believe me, my dear JENNY, there was not a dry eye in all the room;—nay, and I might add, on the stairs neither—for I more than once, observed my honest tobacconist pass his hand before his face.——

—There are tears of *pleasure* as well as tears of *distress!*—the latter are excited by *our own* sufferings,—the former are the involuntary tribute which *Sensibility* pays to *Virtue!*

I lament, said I, turning round to my companion, that this PICTURE you have shewn me, which

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glows with so many lovely tints that affection hath spread over it, should be concealed in your little apartment,—it ought to be exhibited to the Public; —the view of it might serve to confirm the Good, and shame the Unfeeling!—Nor could I quit the scene I had been contemplating, without breathing this benediction over it:

—Heaven prosper you, children of Virtue!—nay, and it will prosper you.—for you have given the world a noble example of filial piety!—and if lost in its dissipations, it should overlook the unurged claims you have on it,—yet have you treasured up in your own bosoms, those enviable feelings of conscious rectitude, which it never can take from you,—and which, without hearts like yours, it hath not in its power to bestow!—

I walked home with so light and heedless a foot, by having my mind totally occupied with all I had just been spectator of, that I ran against half a dozen posts, and at least treble as many passengers*.—

* It having come to my knowledge, that all the parties, excepting one, from whom this Scene of NATURE was SKETCHED, are still existing—Death having only wiped from the canvass the aged Father,—and as I have found that many of my Readers have been interested by this FAMILY-PICTURE; I esteem it a tribute due to the characters of the Sons, who so much embellish the PIECE, to say they are the children of the late MR. PLENIUS, well known in the musical world, and particularly for his invention of that complicated instrument the LYRICHORD.

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I pity, from my soul, the gloomy temperament of the Satirist, whose delight is to view only the unfavourable side of life. The imperfections of humanity may never leave his spleen destitute of a subject;—yet I am inclined to believe, for the honour of PROVIDENCE and NATURE, that there ever has been a proportionate degree of benevolence in the world.—Those virtues that most *adorn*, and *endear* society, are confined to a limited circle.—Could we steal in on the privacies of domestic life, I am confident we should see many more actions and characters to admire, and respect, than we are in general inclined to suppose.—

When I arrived at my lodgings, LA PIERRE met me in the passage with a countenance that, quicker than his tongue, told me, all was well—and that my *old horse* had performed the journey—*à merveilles.*

My trusty Valet had made the best arrangement he could of every thing in my apartment.—My Sea-Biscuit, my Capillaire, and my Slippers, which constitute a part of his evening service, were all placed in order;—so that I had nothing to do, but to swallow a mouthful of refreshment, enquire of him the trivial occurrences of the road, and retire to my chamber.

—I do not recollect, in all my life, to have ever

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passed a more delicious night;—for I slept till late the next morning, without the smallest interruption,—and arose in the finest spirits imaginable:—Nor will I ever be persuaded, to this moment, that it was half so much occasioned by the exercise, and fatigue, of the preceding day,—as it was, by my having gone to bed—IN PERFECT GOOD HUMOUR WITH THE WORLD.

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